Memories of English Premiers *By* Justin McCarthy

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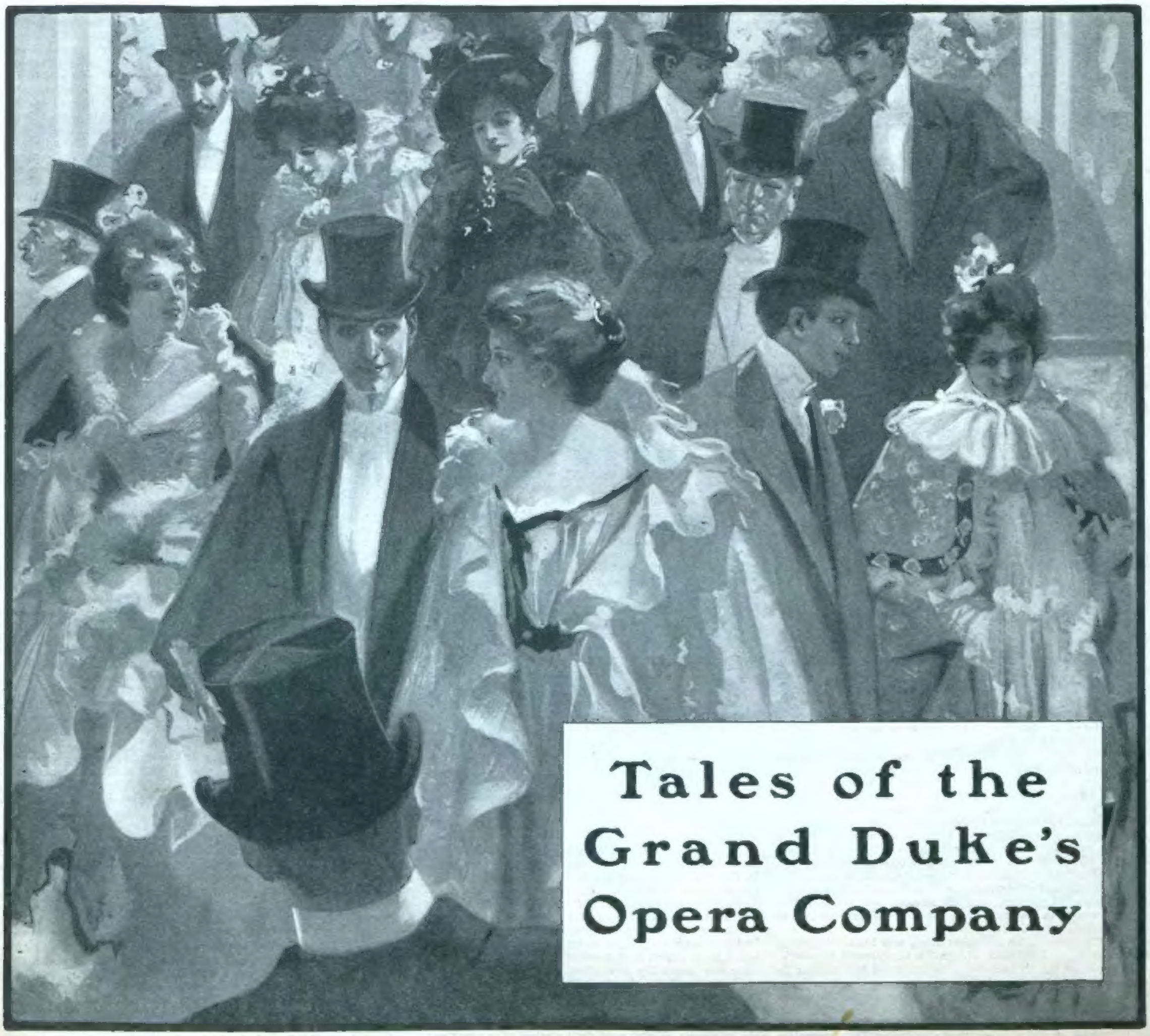

Tales of the Grand Duke's Opera Company

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Personal Memories of English Premiers *By* Justin McCarthy

THE first English Prime Minister who comes within my personal recollection is Lord John Russell; Earl Russell, as he afterward became. Lord John Russell was perhaps the first of the line of English Prime Ministers to whom the term Liberal could be applied in the party sense. He belonged to one of the great English aristocratic families which habitually allied themselves with the cause of popular liberty, and it was in his time that the term of Liberal came to be used to describe the party of statesmen who carried on the work of the Whig reformers of earlier days. The word Whig has now passed almost entirely out of use, and in the early period of Lord John Russell's career it was already beginning to be employed as descriptive of the class of statesmen who were rather falling behind in the movement of reform. Liberal began to mean an advanced Whig as Radical now means an advanced Liberal. My recollection of Lord John Russell carries me back over a longer stretch of history than my acquaintance with any other public man ever did. It fills me with a curious feeling of wonder and delight to remember that I have talked with a man who knew Charles James Fox, and who had conversations in Elba with the great Napoleon.

Lord John Russell was not a great orator, and perhaps was not an orator at all in the ordinary acceptation of the word. Macaulay has happily described oratory as the blending of reason and passion, and Lord John Russell's eloquence was wanting in passion, and even in imagination. He was not an orator as Canning was, or Bright, or Gladstone, but he was one of the most admirable parliamentary debaters I have ever heard. His speeches told of intellect, of knowledge, and of marvelous reasoning power. Many of his phrases have passed into the vocabulary of the House of Commons, and he was a master of incisive and penetrating sarcasm.

Lord Russell's Freezing Way with Strangers

Russell never obtained much personal popularity as a statesman or a leader of party. During a great part of his more recent career it was often his fortune to be a rival of Lord Palmerston; and Palmerston had the happy art of winning people over by his easy, genial manners, his exuberant and almost boyish good nature, and the cheery familiarity which could put up with even the most tiresome of bores and send him away in the confident belief that he had made quite an impression on the great Prime Minister. Russell's manners were somewhat cold and distant, and he seemed to be always guarding himself against the approaches of a stranger. I believe from what I have been told by those who knew him most intimately that he was in reality a man of deep emotions and strong affections, but he was shy and nervous in his intercourse with strangers, and people often regarded him as distant and haughty when he was only diffident and modest. I was honored with the friendship of his widow, the late Countess Russell, during many years and up to the close of that singularly noble and exalted life, and I learned much, by my acquaintance with her and other members of her family, that was not known to the outer world in general about the real nature and character of her illustrious husband.

Lord John Russell had an intense love for literature and for art as well as for politics, and the home in which I so often met the late Countess Russell had, and still has, many memorials of the poets and the painters, the novelists and the historians whom he welcomed there as his friends and associates. Lord John Russell was the friend of Thomas Moore and of Sydney Smith, of Tennyson and of Browning, of Turner and of Maclise, of Dickens and of Thackeray. He was not a man with whom political party managers could get on very well. He was not the sort of man who could easily be prevailed upon to overwhelm with polite and flattering attentions some municipal or other local magnate merely because such a person might be able to influence a certain number of votes at a forthcoming election. Russell was above all things a politician of principle, and cared nothing for the tricks and arts which are sometimes found so useful in the game of politics, and his shyness and diffidence of manner would in any case have made it difficult for him to shine in such a craft.

Lord Palmerston, on the other hand, was always bubbling over with animal spirits. He had a ready word for everybody, and so far as one could judge from his manner he appeared as if he never knew what it was to meet a bore. Often have I observed him in the lobby of the House of Commons when stranger after stranger was brought up and presented to him, and have noticed with never-failing wonder that he had always a bright smile and a ready, appropriate word for every one, and seemed to convey to each new arrival the idea that he was just the very person whom Lord Palmerston was anxious to meet just then. I believe that a great part of this, at least, was due to genuine good nature, and that Lord Palmerston's inclination was to like and welcome each newcomer. No doubt there must have been something of art as well as something of nature in this happy faculty, but it certainly was of immense advantage to Palmerston in his public and his private career. Even when he had to get rid of a visitor he always contrived to make it appear as if only the stern demands of public duty could compel him to cut short so delightful a conversation.

Palmerston's Masterfulness and Drollery

Palmerston was not, according to my thinking, a great statesman, or a great man in any sense, but he was unquestionably a great party leader and a wonderful manager of men. He was not an orator in the higher sense, but he could play upon the temper and the feelings of the House of Commons as hardly any other man could do during my time. He never said anything that went over the heads of his audience; he never spoke in a style above the level of those whom he was addressing; and he never kept his hearers for a moment in doubt as to the full meaning of what he desired to express. Perhaps that is one reason why so few of his good sayings seem likely to live in historical recollection. Each humorous retort or repartee, each droll satirical version of some opponent's doctrine, each sudden parody of an adversary's grandiloquent protestation, was entirely adapted and attuned to the mere conditions of the moment, and would necessarily lose nearly all of its pungency and its power if it had to pass through a process of historical explanation. Palmerston never thought a joke too poor if it could serve its immediate purpose—if it was good enough for the House of Commons at the precise instant when it had to be uttered it was good enough for him, and that was indeed all the good he wanted to get out of it.

Disraeli, on the other hand, gave to me the idea of a man who was always thinking of his own personal fame as well as of the impression which his speech might have on the coming division. Perhaps for this reason his most powerful and characteristic speeches were those delivered by him on the eve of a division which he well knew in advance must prove disastrous to his party. Then there was nothing to be gained for his side by any dexterous humoring of the House of Commons and he was free to indulge in all his range of sarcasm and to give free scope to all the passion of political controversy. Disraeli was from first to last a literary man with an absorbing love for parliamentary life. His most effective speeches always seemed to me to be splendid literary efforts rather than triumphs of political eloquence. I think it might not inaptly be said of him that as a writer he was political and as a debater he was literary.

Disraeli's Dandified Foppishness

Disraeli was the only Prime Minister during my personal recollection who could be described as a dressy man after the fashion of the public men pictured in his own Vivian Grey, and in Bulwer Lytton's Pelham. Up to the end of his life Disraeli seemed to make it a point to dress according to the latest order of fashion. Whatever was newest in hats, or waistcoats, or neckties and collars, one was sure to see on Disraeli. I remember a time when a sudden humor set in among the promenaders of Piccadilly and Bond Street for the wearing—it was winter time—of long outer coats of gray cloth descending to the heels of the wearer's boots. One of the first men whom I ever saw arrayed in this peculiar garb was Mr. Disraeli, and I walked after him, deeply interested in his get-up, along Whitehall, as he went on his way to the House of Commons. On that and many other occasions I was led to the conclusion that Disraeli must have had in his service some peculiarly quick and observant valet whose first duty in life was to see that his master was kept up to the very newest style in every article of wearing apparel. Disraeli had always the appearance of being somewhat overdressed, which would in itself suggest that his own judgment and his own taste were not greatly concerned in the business, but that he liked, on principle, to be kept in front of the fashion, and left it to an expert in that order of work to see that the principle was heroically carried out.

I have heard London hostesses say that Disraeli was not a man upon whom you could always rely to do everything expected of him as the star of some brilliant dinner-party. Sometimes he would be in the best of humor and the brightest of spirits, would send forth flashes of wit and satire and paradox and fantastic humor until the heart of the hostess swelled with gratitude for the success thus given to her momentous evening. At other times, and for no reason which those around him could conjecture, he would seem constrained in manner and curiously sparing of words, would sit, as one lady put it, moping and with his eyes fixed on his plate during the greater part of the dinner, and would only do what we used to be told every good little boy ought to do—speak when he was spoken to.

I can hardly imagine Disraeli carried completely out of himself by any burst of enthusiasm. During the most exciting scenes in the House of Commons he always seemed to me like a man who was studying all then passing around him with the view of describing it or satirizing it in some literary chapter. I think he was one of the most self-centred men whom I ever had an opportunity of observing. By this I do not mean to convey the idea that he was a selfish man, for I believe that notwithstanding all his personal ambition and his determination to rise high in the political world and make a fame for himself, he had much in him which was disinterested, and that, unobserved of the multitude, he did many kindly and generous actions. What I mean to convey is that in the great game of politics he calmly and consistently regarded himself as merely playing his part, and that he watched every turn of the game with a view to the opportunity it might give him for displaying his own skill.

Clever Youths Who Never Did Clever Things

He had always a great liking for clever young men and a strong wish to help them forward in what he called the path of their legitimate ambition. There was at one time in the House of Commons quite a group of rising young members, chiefly, it must be said, belonging to aristocratic families, who used to be described in the House as "Dizzy's young men." Some of them are still to the front; others have long since passed away. But of later years it came to be a common saying in the House that Dizzy's young men remained always Dizzy's young men and never grew any older. The idea sought to be conveyed, and in truth very well conveyed, by the saying, was that the young men never got much beyond that level of youthful cleverness which first attracted Disraeli's attention and which he had somehow come to mistake for genuine political promise. Still, it does credit to the freshness and the kindliness of his nature that he was always anxious to give a word of encouragement and a helping hand to a young fellow who seemed to have political capacity, and it comes within the sphere of my own personal knowledge that he was ready to give such a helping hand in cases where there were no claims of aristocratic birth to make any appeal to his social ambition and his admiration for the order of nobility.

Any rising name in letters or in art was sure to attract his attention, and I know of several instances in which he made it a special request to some great London lady of his acquaintance that she should enable him to meet at dinner some rising author or politician, utterly without social influence and whom Disraeli would never be likely to meet in the ordinary course of the season's events. I have known him to do this in the case of men just rising out of complete obscurity, and whose political opinions and associations made it extremely unlikely that they could be of the slightest service to Disraeli as the head of a government or the leader of a party. It merely happened that something said by this or that man had attracted Disraeli's attention and caught his fancy, and that he was taken with a sincere desire to meet the man and see what he was like and to give him some encouraging words of personal commendation. So many stories have been told about Disraeli's way of snubbing impulsive aspirants for recognition that I am glad to bear some testimony to the existence of a different quality in him.

A Unique Snub for Presuming Book Makers

I am afraid many of my readers have already heard of the form devised by him for acknowledging the receipt of books sent to him by their authors without any solicitation or suggestion on his part. "Mr. Disraeli acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the volume kindly forwarded to him, 'and will lose no time in making himself acquainted with its contents.'" Sometimes the author thus favored was quite delighted with the flattering promise thus seemingly held out, and did not see, until a kindly friend suggested the explanation, that the promise was only too certain to be kept. I am all the more pleased, therefore, to be able to say that I have known of cases in which Disraeli sought out modest merit in its shade and encouraged it to come forth into the sunlight.

Lord Salisbury I should feel inclined to describe as a born literary man who lost his way in life somehow, and got into

politics and Parliament. He ought to have been a writer for the Edinburgh Review in the days of Sydney Smith and Macaulay. Disraeli once described him as a master of flouts and gibes, and this was at a time when Lord Salisbury was a member of Disraeli's own administration. Lord Salisbury is a capital speaker to whom one can never listen without interest, but his speeches have always the style of literary compositions in which the writer is following out his own thought and obeying his own satirical and sometimes cynical impulses, without concerning himself much about the impression he may be making on his audience. The subject which he is discussing at the moment appears to occupy him much more than any question as to the political effect which such an utterance, coming from such a man, may have on the political conditions of the time. Not many months ago he delivered a speech at a great public meeting in Exeter Hall, in which he gave expression to some ideas on the conduct of missionary enterprise in far-off heathen lands, which were full of sound sense, justice and the spirit of Christianity and of peace, but which were a positive condemnation of the very policy his own Government was then undertaking to maintain in China. Such a speech would have been an admirable article in a high-class review, but it must have created consternation among most of the Prime Minister's colleagues.

Salisbury not in the Smoking-Room

Lord Salisbury is not much given to mixing with the society of his fellow-men unless the fellow-men happen to be personal friends of his or have tastes and ways like his own. Some years ago, when Parnell was the terror of English administrations, a London newspaper stated that Lord Salisbury was often to be seen engaged in deep conversation with Parnell in the smoking-room of the House of Commons. Lord Salisbury declared publicly in the House of Lords that he had never to his knowledge seen Parnell, and that he had never been in the smoking-room of the House of Commons. The statement enables us thoroughly to understand some of the peculiarities of Lord Salisbury's character. Now I may say that I certainly never saw Mr. Gladstone in the smoking-room of the House of Commons, but let any one say whether he thinks it possible that Mr. Gladstone should not have taken the pains to make himself acquainted with one who held such a place in public life as Parnell.

This curious want of interest in the real and moving personages and affairs of political life is accountable for many of the mistakes which Lord Salisbury has made from time to time. One understands and respects the dreamer; one understands and respects the recluse; but it is hard to understand the man who, with the natural inclination to be the literary recluse, gives up his whole working lifetime to the business of politics and Parliament. I have a high respect for Lord Salisbury's abilities, for his culture, for his tastes, for his rich gift of humor, and for the genuine manhood of his character. But I cannot help thinking it one of the humorous eccentricities of Fate to have made such a man the Tory Prime Minister of England.

Lord Rosebery is the most brilliant, versatile amateur of his time. He is a lover of books, of pictures, of travel, of sport, and of politics. Two of his race-horses have won the Derby and he is famous as a yachtsman. No man living can deliver a finer ceremonial address than Lord Rosebery can on some great occasion, and he is one of the most brilliant after-dinner speakers I ever heard. In political debate he can hold his own with the very best. He is a delightful talker and has a marvelous knowledge of literature—of literatures. He has written books that will live. So far as I know he has succeeded in everything to which he gave any serious attention, but up to the present he does not seem to have quite made up his mind as to the career which best suits his temperament and his inclinations. Thus far he has been an amateur in many fields, of which the political is only one. If he will even now make up his mind to be above all things else a statesman, I see no reason to doubt that he will become a statesman of the foremost rank. I have had many opportunities of observing Lord Rosebery's gifts and aptitudes, and I can say, without the slightest exaggeration, that I have never known any other man who could do so many different things so well. If Lord Rosebery will only give himself up to political life it is well in his power to make himself one of the great Prime Ministers of England

I shall say little or nothing here of Mr. Gladstone, the greatest English Prime Minister of modern times, although I knew him much better personally than I had the good fortune to know any of those whom I have now attempted to describe. But I have written so much about Mr. Gladstone in books and in reviews and in newspapers that I should fear to fall into the way of repeating myself if I were to attempt any tribute to him here. I feel that I have nothing to add to what I have already written about Mr. Gladstone. Let me say in conclusion that what I have written here about the other English Prime Ministers is the result of close and constant observation which I was fortunate enough to have the opportunity of giving to the public career and the parliamentary characteristics of each man.

Sherlock Holmes a Campaign Speaker

DR. CONAN DOYLE ought to have won the seat in Parliament which he contested at Edinburgh for he had Sherlock Holmes to help him—that is to say, he had for a speaker at one of his meetings the man who is said by many people in the Scottish capital to have been the original of that celebrated character, or at least to have suggested him to the novelist.

Dr. Joseph Bell is, however, not a detective but a very distinguished surgeon, and when Doctor Doyle was studying medicine at Edinburgh University Doctor Bell was lecturing there, and his extraordinary powers of logical reasoning had made him in private life a noted character.

The Power of the Press *By* Octave Thanet

MARTIN WALLACE went on a great Chicago daily shortly after he left Harvard, to learn his trade, as his father expressed it. Wallace was rich, and Martin was his only son; but he had some Spartan notions. One was that before Martin stepped into the editorship of a flourishing country newspaper with a wide outside circulation and a wider influence, he should wrestle with the newspaper world a little for himself, and live on his own earnings.

It consequently happened that one day Martin limped into the city editor's office (he was lame from his boyhood, ever since a certain football game in which he had snapped the tendons of one ankle) with a little frown of disgust between his fair eyebrows, and just fifty cents in his pocket. "If I don't get a good story off to-day, I'm likely to have a stupid Sunday," thought Martin. And there was a certain girl in Evanston whom Martin wanted to see Sunday; and he had it in his mind to take her flowers.

Just as he was about to catch the city editor's eye an old man leaned a shabby elbow on the desk and interposed a bent, gray profile. There was a deprecating apology in his motions. "I beg your pardon," he said to Martin, "but I believe it is my turn—I—I—have been waiting——"

His manner and his smoothly modulated voice and his crisp enunciation made a contrast to his appearance strong enough to make Martin stare. "Why, the tidy old tramp's a gentleman!" he ran into a noiseless whistle.

"Oh, Mr. Stuyvesant!" said the city editor, "just a day too late. You weren't here yesterday; and I gave that story to another man."

A faint shadow settled on the gray profile; but the old man straightened with a smile and a courteous wave of the hand. "I—I was indisposed—a severe cold." He turned to go; but stopped and added: "If you have anything, you have my address. I shall not be busy this month; and I—I should be glad to do anything."

"Certainly, Mr. Stuyvesant," said the editor with unusual civility. In his turn, he hesitated; but if he meant to say anything more the chance passed, the old man turned and walked off stiffly, but with his head well in the air, and not forgetting to nod a recognition to two or three familiar faces in the room.

"I believe I am worse than I had expected; I may not get through the night"

"Send your story in this afternoon," said the editor as Wallace appeared. And Wallace was conscious that the boys were eying him a little critically.

He turned it all over in his mind, deciding that he had gotten the old man's assignment, and that the old man was poor. Impulsively he followed the shabby coat into the hall. Its owner, looking shrunken and haggard, was crumpled against the wall with his face twisted. But he contrived to straighten himself up and mutter: "It was just a spasm; I have them sometimes; it's nothing."

"Let me get you some whiskey," cried Martin; and he was off to get it, disregarding a murmur of protest; he knew Haddock would have a flask; and very good for Haddock would it be, also, were his flask emptier. Haddock supplied the flask, as Martin had anticipated; he was a kindly sort. He pursed up his lips over Martin's description. "Poor old Stuyv," he said; "I wonder if he doesn't need soup more than whiskey. I'll go with you; he's a sandy old duck."

"Is he so poor?" said Martin.

"Couldn't be poorer, I guess. Too bad—he was rich once—now look at him!"

They had got back to the old man, who was sitting in his chair, with a gray look on his face that Martin, inexperienced as he was, felt was the mask of one stricken with death.

"He ain't fit to walk," said Haddock as Martin gently held the flask to the colorless lips; but at the trickle of the liquor down his throat the old man straightened his head and coughed.

He sat up against Martin's arm. "It's nothing; I'm all right," he murmured, and began to fumble in his pockets with his withered and trembling hands. "I'm afraid I shall have to ask you boys for the loan of a nickel," said he.

"Your pocket picked?" cried Haddock. "Well, if that wouldn't jar you! Those fellows are getting *too* slick. But you don't want the street cars——"

"No, call a cab, I'm going his way; I'll take him," said Martin. He forgot he had only fifty cents in his pocket; but when he remembered, he considered that he had a watch and his reporter's badge; and he abandoned himself to his compassion. He assisted the old man

downstairs, feebly protesting, but too spent to persist in his refusals. He gave his address, when he was assured that Martin was going his way, anyhow.

"A modest neighborhood," said he, "but retired and quiet, so I can work."

The neighborhood was a cross street in a far suburb (Martin felt the fare rising at every block!), with a dismal outlook of prairie and yearling cottonwood and soft maple trees. The street cars whizzed past, down an illimitable avenue. The houses looked like wooden tents, each with its tiny stoop in front. Withered dock and thistles defied the city ordinances in the vacant lots, between houses.

"I've got the story all ready to print; it's hot stuff——"

When Stuyvesant motioned for the hackman to stop they were opposite a dingy brown dwelling in a disheveled vacant space, bestrewn with tin cans and shaggy with jimson weed and wild mustard stalks. At a side window was a steam-dimmed silhouette of a woman over a washtub. She came out at their approach, wiping the suds from her arms. She was none too tidy; but she looked sympathetic.

"I jest wish I hadn't 'a' let him go out this morning," she declared; "he ain't fit, this cold weather. I got some bricks a-heating in the oven this minute; and some hot coffee on the stove—and he's jest got to take it!"

The use of the hot bricks was evident the instant she threw open the door of the fireless room. There was no carpet on the floor; no picture on the walls. The only decoration of the latter was a collection of intaglios in the artless style of Mound Builders' relics, representing a former lodger's opinion of Chicago and his landlady, with vigorous but not polite expressions cut in the plaster beneath, and manfully signed with his name, Billy Longman. The room was very neat and very bare. The only furniture, besides the lank bed, was a table, a chair, a chest of drawers, a washstand, and a battered tin bathtub. The old man sat down feebly on the bed, motioning Martin to a chair, and gasped: "I am very much obliged to you, young gentleman; I feel your kindness. I regret I have not the—ah—funds just this moment on hand to repay you for the hack——"

"That's nothing; charge it up to the office—on the house, you know," Martin struck in, smiling (he wished heartily that it were!). "I'll leave this flask." He cheerfully and unscrupulously deposited Haddock's flask on the table. "Can't I get you into bed?"

"I'll just lie outside," said Stuyvesant feebly; "please don't go: I want to say something to you."

Martin helped him upon the bed; he would have taken off the sodden shoes, but Stuyvesant stopped him. "Just untie them—by and by," he murmured feebly; and Martin did not persevere. "If you'd get a newspaper—so they wouldn't soil the bed coverlet," said the faint voice, and silently Martin did his bidding; while the woman in the door shot an eyeblink over Stuyvesant at the young man. She shook her head, and her face was softer.

"Look here," said Martin firmly, "you've got to be more comfortable; let me get you to bed——"

"I only want to say a word to you," said Stuyvesant. He did not seem to see his landlady, and she (with a delicacy which Martin had not expected) quietly slipped out of the room. "I believe I am worse than I had expected; I may not get through the night——"

"Don't you think it; I'm going out now for a doctor; you'll be all——"

"I hope not," interrupted the old man feebly; "it's been a hard journey; I'm glad to have it over. But this is what I want to say to you: You seem a kind young gentleman, and a *gentleman*. Will it be too much trouble——"

"No, certainly not; anything I can do," interrupted Martin.

The old man fumbled at the breast of his coat and brought out something wrapped in tissue paper. Through the transparent folds Martin caught the dull shining of red leather. "It is a miniature—a portrait of my wife," said Stuyvesant. "There is a card inside with the address. Will you send it, and tell the—the young lady that Peter Stuyvesant is dead, and that he sent her this, his last possession, and his love and blessing with it? It will cost a little—not much—to send it; but Mr. Curwen will be willing, I think, to repay you——"

"He will not have the chance," said Martin.

"You're the right sort," said the old man; and a dim flicker lit up in his eyes. Martin, by this time, had become interested; he was a young fellow with a heart always getting him into trouble. He sat a minute with knitted brows; then he scribbled a few words in his notebook, told the old man to take a brace, for he would be back directly, and went out in the hall to the landlady.

"Say, he's awful bad, ain't he?" said she. There was something in her face beyond the grisly interest in calamity or death.

Martin nodded.

"He's a nice old gentleman; so obliging. Always cleaned his own room. Why, he's worked the wringer for me half a dozen times. And he's so polite, always; 'Madam,' says he, like I was a fine lady. Oh, my, I'd be sorry to have him—say, has he got any money?"

"Not a cent."

"And he paid me this morning. I wish I hadn't took it; but I'd got money to pay, myself. He said he was going to git money downtown. But trouble with him's he jest naturally *can't* push. Not a mite. And he's so nice; jest's quiet, washing his own winders, lugging the water for his own bathtub, yes, an' washing my Tim and Willy for me in his tub—say, we got to git the doctor."

"Yes, and have him taken to the hospital, I think; but meanwhile will you heat up some hot milk while I will get some eggs and things outside?"

The woman was glad to help her best, while Martin calmly bestowed some cigars and the note on the hackman and engaged him to return at a certain hour. Then he went forth and confidently spent his fifty cents at a little grocery. He returned, his arms full; and thanks to a camping experience of cookery, and Mrs. Baxter's stove, he was soon able to proffer some steaming oyster soup to Stuyvesant. He found him tidily tucked in bed, with a fresh store of coverlets heaped on him and a kerosene can converted into a hot-water can at his feet.

"Ah, it's nice to be warm in your own room," he sighed gratefully.

Martin, seated at the table, his own feet on a heated brick, and driving his pencil, gave him a nod and a smile. "We'll have you in a dandy place directly," said he.

"No," said the old man; "I don't want to move; it's not worth while."

Martin wrote on until the doctor came. The doctor was a professionally cheerful, professionally reticent man. Peter Stuyvesant watched him with a dim and delicate smile. He asked no questions; he smiled again as Martin followed the doctor into the hall. "Almost over, Janey," he murmured. "I shall not mind a little pain. I've done my best, dear; I'm so glad I've held out. If only I'd enough to pay everything——"

Martin came back and tucked the coverlets more closely about the lean form on the bed, at which the same smile flitted again over Peter Stuyvesant's lips.

"You're a good boy," he said; "let's be honest; the doctor's said I'm going. God knows I'm glad. I see you want to help me——"

"I'd be honored to help you, sir," said Martin; and something ran in a shiver over the muscles of his face.

"Why—what—did Doctor Willard know?"

"He knew about the bank; his father had money in it. He said: 'I owe my education to that man's honesty; it was money my father had put away to send me to college.' He didn't expect me to tell, but I don't care. I believe you'll feel easier——"

"I was worrying—a little about paying him."

"Do you think he'll take a cent from you? Don't insult him so!"

Peter Stuyvesant smiled. "Just like the boys I used to know; just so headlong. I remember Petey——" A change stiffened the muscles of his face, a shadow of anxiety, almost shame; his eyes fell. "I should like, if you don't mind, to hear what he said."

Martin had keen gray eyes; they looked their keenest for a second, then he softly caught his breath; it was as if he saw his way out of a sudden bewilderment; he answered slowly: "He told me that you were once a very rich man, a scholar, very much respected. That you married a beautiful and charming woman. You had one son. He was a very clever business man, the cashier of one of the banks. He got into difficulties; he was married; and one of the bank officials was his wife's brother. That man went wrong and your son tried to cover up his losses, and it didn't work; the speculation that they went into as a sure thing wasn't sure; and in the end there was an ugly time and you paid every cent of the shortage, although you could not save your son."

The old man had listened in a kind of melancholy calm.

"Would you mind if I told you you looked like my son?" said he.

"I'm glad, sir," said Martin stoutly.

"Yes, I noticed it the minute I saw you; it made me want not to take your place at the desk; but I had nothing but the chance of that story. If I had gotten it I meant to sit down in the office and write it and get the money. I hadn't a nickel. You thought I had my pocket picked. I hadn't. I walked half the way down because I had no car fare. I was afraid I should be tempted to spend some of the money I owed Mrs. Baxter if I kept it in my pocket—for—for food or car fare; so I paid her before I left the house. Well, it doesn't matter now."

"It will be all right now; don't you worry, sir," said Martin; and with a quick realization of the loneliness of the forlorn knight before him, he lifted one gaunt hand and softly stroked it as his son might have done. "You know about my Peter?" said Stuyvesant wistfully. Martin nodded. "Yes, it was hard."

"Wasn't it? I had given up everything. So had his mother. She died. The poor lad was hiding and could not see her. Then, they—you know. He died there. His wife married again. There was one little girl; she must be a young lady now. The miniature is for her. It is her grandmother. They have never wished me to see her. Her mother is dead and I discovered their feelings and did not intrude. I should like to tell you that the bank is entirely paid, principal and interest. And I hope you understand that Peter did not intend dishonesty. Had he lived I feel he would have retrieved everything. He was a man of great ability—great. It would have been very different. He died suddenly; I didn't get there in time. The—the officials there were very kind to me. I did not have the money to take my son home to lie beside his mother and the others; but he rests as well, I think, where he is; and they were most kind to him and to me."

"They ought to be," said Martin. He had heard the whole pitiful story—far less softly colored—from the doctor. It was through the warden of the penitentiary that the doctor had learned of Peter Stuyvesant's identity with the honest man who had saved the bank, even after his son's name was hopelessly smirched and it was beyond the power of the bank directors or the president to save him from the prison where he died. Before Martin's eyes was the picture, drawn by the doctor's few nervous sentences, of an old man haggard with a comfortless long journey, baring his gray head in his antique courtesy before a prison guard and faltering his piteous inquiry. Even the guard was kind. Well, Martin could believe it; his heart swelled again over some of the details of the story. "He made his last remittance to the bank not so long ago," the doctor had said; "the express clerk at the branch office and I are friends, and he told me that he never saw quite so many nickels and pennies in twenty-seven dollars. It made me sick thinking how the poor fellow must have pinched. I've been hunting him ever since, and just found him to-day. I haven't got rich myself, yet; but I could have done something for him, on the sly, if I'd known. I don't know how he lived."

Martin wondered, himself.

"Isn't it *good*, Janey, it's all over?" murmured Peter Stuyvesant. He did not know he spoke aloud, or perhaps his mind had strayed away. "I'm sorry about the funeral, but they needn't put my name down; there's such a kind young man; he looks like Petey; he'll see. Maybe if I'd lived a month or two longer I could have saved it, but it was getting so hard to think——"

He sighed, and seemed to doze. "The morphine's quieting him," thought Martin; "excites the imagination first,

"Oh, Mr. Stuyvesant," said the city editor, "just a day too late—I gave that story to another man"

the doctor says, then quiets. Jove, isn't he Don Quixote come to life! And that rip of a son, going the pace, and so slick he got the other fellow in, and then unloaded on him! He was clever, though, and but for a slip in the cog he might have saved his skin and got the money back. I wonder how *he* felt when he was dying. I swear I'll try to run straight and never give *my* old boy such—mustn't it have hurt, though! Now, how to get him through, straight!"

The young reporter sat down by the table to think, and in so doing his idly fumbling hand gave him his clue, for it upturned the notes which Stuyvesant had made for his unwritten story. Martin shut his eyes and beat a noiseless tattoo to an inaudible whistle. Then he fell furiously to writing. At intervals he would glance at the bed. The first time he met a responsive glance in Peter Stuyvesant's eyes he wheeled around nimbly. "Do you know what I'm doing?" he called cheerfully. "I'm stealing your notes to work into that story I've got to do to-day. I got your story, you know. Well, I'm taking your notes; and you're going to get the money. Rest easy. See?"

"And I can pay for everything?"

"Every blamed thing. Rest easy."

"It doesn't cost so much as you would think. I know I was surprised how little I had to spend for—my son. Oh, it is a relief. Everything?"

"Everything," repeated Martin steadily.

Then again he fell to working. After a while the doctor returned. He felt the old man's pulse, looked after the poultices and applications which Martin had applied, and went away. Stuyvesant had asked him, "There isn't any chance of recovery, is there?" with an anxiety that puzzled the doctor, who began on a professional platitude of hope; but Martin spoke out: "Tell the truth; it is what he wants."

"I am afraid——" the doctor faltered.

"That's all right," said Peter Stuyvesant, smiling; "thank you so much, doctor."

Martin, in the hall, asked the doctor, "How long?"

"He has rallied; perhaps twenty-four hours. Do you want a nurse?"

"No; he's got a granddaughter; I think he would like to see her; she lives only a night from here——"

"She won't come——"

"Won't she?" said Martin, setting his boyish lips.

"Does he want her very much?"

"Yes; he's been rambling a good deal and talking to his wife about her, wishing he could tell about her. I can find out about her if I can't get her here."

"How?"

"You'll see; if you'll get Mrs. Baxter or some one to stay with him while I run over to the office."

"All right," said the doctor; "I'll stay myself."

The hack was waiting and Martin drove over to the office, where he found the city editor and unloaded his tale with a concise eloquence which moved the city editor enough to make him take a sharp turn across the floor and once or twice look hard out of the window at the opposite chimney-pots. "And here's the story," said Martin at the last sentence, pulling the wad of paper out of his pocket.

The city editor took it, and without looking at it sat down and wrote his voucher; and Martin's eyes shone. "I hope you write as slick's you talk," growled the city editor. "Say, I'll telephone those Cleveland folks; I know about them."

"That's awfully good of you; maybe it's a little cheeky, my using the name of the paper——"

"Only way to deal with those ducks. You be waiting, and when Cleveland answers you can go to the bat."

Therefore it fell out that in about twenty minutes, Haddock, whose desk was contiguous to the long-distance telephone, heard the following one-sided conversation:

Ring.

Martin's voice said calmly: "Yes, I'm Mr. Martin Wallace. Yes, this is the city office of the —— ——." Short pause.

"I want to speak to you about Mr. Peter Stuyvesant. He is very ill; not likely to live more than twenty-four hours." Short pause.

"I may as well tell you that we know all the facts in his life. Look here, the old man is a regular Bayard; he has gone through everything like a—a—brick. He sacrificed his fortune and his prospects——" Slight pause, during which Martin's hand, which was not holding the transmitter, clinched and smote the air.

"Perhaps *you* look at it that way, but the people generally like an honest man and a brave man; and I've got the story all ready to print; it's hot stuff——" Very short pause, Martin shrugging his shoulders.

"You misunderstand me; I am not proposing to print it if I can help it." Short pause.

"You misunderstand me still more, and you insult me, and the paper which I have the honor to represent. Cool off a little. I don't want—Mr. Stuyvesant wouldn't take from you a nickel. Have you got that? I am not saying anything about the way you have treated a man whose boots you and I are not worthy to black—by Jove, we're *not!* I'm not in that, at all. He has lived in poverty and heartbreak and paid off the last cent he owes, and he has enough to bury him, simply; and that's all *he* wants of money. He's done with money. What he wants is to see his granddaughter——" Short pause.

"I think if you consider you will perceive that it is not at all impossible. She can take the evening train and be here to-morrow morning. I will meet you——" Short pause. Martin grins.

"You will find she will learn considerably more of the painful circumstances about her father if you *don't* let her come. I shall see to that little matter myself. I am going to tell the truth, if it makes her mother's family look like thirty cents——" Short pause. Martin grows very red.

"It's lucky for you you're talking at a safe distance. Do I understand you refuse?" Short pause.

"I assure you that it will be managed with every consideration. There is no need that she discover anything painful——" Short pause. Martin smiles bitterly.

"Rest easy. The poor old fellow is sure to die and get out of any danger of annoying you. All that is necessary is for the young lady to take a not very uncomfortable journey and say a few kind words to a noble gentleman whom they will make very happy. I think she will be glad she did it all the rest of her life. I know she will." Rather long pause.

"No, I can't wait; I want to go back to Mr. Stuyvesant. Besides, that story about him ought to go to—*what's that?*" Short pause.

"You'll have to decide without consulting—— I beg pardon?" Short pause.

"You have Mr. Curwen's word for my responsibility; but that goes for nothing; it is the paper that will be responsible. I'm asking nothing unreasonable——" Short pause.

"Thank you. But any decent man would do as much. Mr. Stuyvesant is one of our men and we think highly of him. Then I understand that Miss Stuyvesant——" Short pause.

"Very well. I shall have a carriage there. I think you are acting wisely." Short pause, in which Martin makes a scornful grimace in marked contrast to the silken smoothness of his voice.

"Assuredly. Very painful and perplexing; but Miss Stuy—er—er—Jones will understand; and, after all, it is the last scene in the tragedy." Short pause.

"Thank you. Very well. I will see you to-morrow."

Martin replaced the transmitter and shook his fist again.

"Won out?" said Haddock.

"I did. I had my nerve with me and a free and independent press behind me. Say, though, what do you think of folks that will call a girl named Stuyvesant *Jones?*"

. . . . . .

"Isn't young Wallace coming soon?" said old Peter Stuyvesant. He spoke feebly, making an effort over his words. The doctor looked at him sharply. Then his eye traveled to his watch. "He was to be here in a few minutes," he said. His brow wrinkled; he was pondering whether it would be safe to tell the old man about the one who was coming with Martin; he hated to disappoint him, that was all; but he certainly would give him the anticipation if—— Under a pretext of arranging the clothes he got his fingers on Stuyvesant's wrist.

"He will be here—in a few minutes now; and he will bring—you won't get excited—he will bring your granddaughter, Miss Amy Stuyvesant——"

"How?" interrupted Peter Stuyvesant. "How? They won't let her come. They—sent—back my letters; they said the only service I could do her was never to—let her know—they took—even—the name away from her!"

"Never mind," soothed the doctor; "she's coming, just the same." He arose, for the door was opening; his hand was still on the old man's wrist; his eyes sought the eyes of Martin Wallace standing in the doorway. "Bring her in," he commanded sharply. "See, see, Mr. Stuyvesant, she's here!"

Peter Stuyvesant lifted his gray head, and just then a slim girl came with a soft rush and a frightened, pitying face and knelt down before the bed. A middle-aged man, sleek and carefully kept, who was frowning, yet had not the aspect of an ill-natured man, came behind her and would have stood out of sight; but Peter Stuyvesant saw him.

"It is kind of you to come, Mr. Blodgett," he said.

Mr. Blodgett's frown deepened. "I—I hope you are better," he muttered. "I have brought Amy——"

"If you will step this side, Miss——" began the doctor, hesitating over the name.

"Miss Stuyvesant," said she quietly, but her voice was distinctly audible; "my name is Amy Stuyvesant."

And as she spoke she bent over and kissed the hand on the coverlet.

"Thank you, my dear," said Peter Stuyvesant; "I'm glad you've got the old name back. There's no stain on it——"

"*No*," said Martin.

"He's a good lad, Janey," said Peter Stuyvesant; "he's done it; and Ralph has forgiven us. It's a very pleasant day, gentlemen; thank you—my poor boy would have thanked you. It's all right. Thank you. Don't forget, Mr. Wallace; there's one day over the rent. You have—enough?"

"Plenty, sir; plenty."

He smiled, being almost past speaking. Only once he spoke again, opening his eyes on the fair young face above him and whispering in a great and joyous surprise: "Why, Janey, did you come yourself!" Then he closed his eyes peacefully, and in a little while the doctor touched his wrist, then laid his ear to a heart that could never ache again, and gently covered his face.

Men of the Mountains and Plains

Real Rough Riders and Their Horses

Told by Captain John J. Healy. **Written by Forrest Crissey**

NEXT to the rifle the mountaineer's dearest possession was his horse. Both were vital to his craft, and he could not hope to keep going for any length of time without these two mainstays. There was not a mountaineer worth mentioning whose life was not saved scores of times by the sagacity, the swiftness or the endurance of his Indian-bred horse. The most enthusiastic turfman or breeder of fine racing stock now living cannot possibly realize the peculiar regard which the old-time hunter had for his animal.

The mountaineer's horse was his closest and often his sole companion for months of lonely wandering, and was daily relied upon to whisk him out of reach of bullets and arrows.

The friends of the American horse are not all dead, riding bicycles or running automobiles. There is still a big bunch of men left on this continent who love a good horse, and these will be glad to know some curious facts about the real American horse, and to listen to a few stories about horses that saved the lives of their riders and deserve a place in the pioneer history of the West.

In the early days, not later than the fifties, the white man who made his way to the main camps of the mountain Indians—particularly the Nez Percés and the Kootenays—saw a grander show of horseflesh than can be found anywhere on the continent to-day. These Indians were the Bedouins of America and had a breed of horses which resembled the spotted Arabian steed in almost every particular, being absolutely distinct from the ordinary cayuse or bronco. Their manes were short and their tails as fine and graceful as those of the typical Bedouin breed. Other peculiarities of these mountain horses were their small, shapely heads, large nostrils, long, thin necks and flat bones. Many of them were white as the driven snow and had skins of a delicate pink color. They were not common animals, and were wholly distinct from the horse of the ordinary Indians of the plains.

The corrals of the Nez Percés and Kootenays presented a strange appearance from the reason that the animals seemed to be divided on the line of color, one chief having all whites, another only bays and still another a solid showing of grays. To look at a drove containing a thousand or more white horses is a sight not soon to be forgotten by a man who has any eye at all for horseflesh!

Numberless Horses Owned by Indians

The Indian of those days counted his wealth in horses, and the mountain districts of Montana, Washington and Oregon had more millionaires, on that basis of reckoning and speaking by comparison, than Wall Street has to-day. The horse wealth of the Nez Percés, the Cayuses and the Kootenays passes the belief of the civilized man of to-day. However, I make the statement that the old chief from whom I bought my horses owned seven thousand brood mares.

"How will you take your horses?" he would ask me, in his own tongue, when I came to buy. Invariably my reply would be, "As they run."

In those days I paid from one dollar to three dollars a head and generally bought a hundred at a time. Into the big corral would be driven five hundred to a thousand almost wild horses of uniform color. Then the gate would be

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of papers portraying the most significant features of frontier life in pioneer days. Others will appear in early numbers.

His eyes caused him constant agony. As the sun mounted higher he realized that he was snow-blind and could not even see the head of the horse

opened and the first one hundred animals to escape would be mine. I chose this way of selecting my drove because the most active and intelligent horses would naturally be the first out.

In this way I came to own a horse that put up for me the biggest race for life that I was ever entered in. I called him Kootenay Gray, and he caught my eye the moment he came leaping out of the old chief's corral. But he was a devil, too! I rode him for a year with only a rawhide knotted around his muzzle. He simply would not take a bit or even a rope inside his mouth, but would fight like a "painter" when any attempt was made to touch his lips. I would throw him and attempt to get a bridle on his head and a bit in his mouth while he was down; but he was too much for me. One day, however, I hit upon a way which finally conquered Kootenay Gray and brought him under bridle rule. Mounting him without a rope I took a bridle in my hand, reached forward and slipped it over his head. Instantly he grabbed the bit between his teeth, and in a moment I had his throat latch buckled and he could not spit out the bit when he tried. His stride was the easiest gait I have ever known a horse to possess, and the way he could cover ground was simply astonishing. But Kootenay Gray might have had double his speed and still failed to save my life had he lacked the courage and good horse sense that made him a marvel of his kind.

At that time I had a post in the bottom lands of the St. Mary's River. The snow was on the ground and the buffaloes were on the move. As these animals were depended on to furnish us with our main supply of food for the winter, we kept close track of them.

Every day I was in the saddle, scouting for fresh herds, and ready to give the signal for a general hunt, in which all the men of the post and the friendly Indians hanging about for trade would take part. The fort was close to the bank of the river, which wound its way through a narrow valley heavily wooded and with very steep sides. In only a few places could a horseman make his way from the prairie down into the bottoms without the greatest care and a thorough knowledge of the country.

One day, before I had taught Kootenay Gray to take the bit, I was on his back watching a big herd of buffaloes. Although I had only a loose rope knotted about his nose he was thoroughly under control. He was loping quietly along toward the distant buffaloes when I noticed a sudden parting of the herd. A commotion of this kind was almost a certain sign of Indians, and I drew the gray to a halt in order to watch for developments. My suspense was short-lived, for the cause of the disturbance showed itself before I was ready for it. Breaking through the herd with a rush came a big party of braves. Their indifference to the buffaloes aroused my suspicions.

The Indians saw me the minute they passed the buffaloes, and they suddenly bunched up close together. This had but one possible meaning. They were hostiles out for blood and disposed to get my scalp. The bunching was to allow their picked braves to change from the jaded trail animals which they had been riding to their fast war ponies which were being led behind.

The Perilous Path to Safety

From where I stood down to the river bottoms was a good half mile. At this point the descent was very steep—a series of natural terraces which amounted to bluffs. They were covered with loose stones and stunted brush. Some distance behind me was the beginning of a coulee which had a safe trail leading into the bottoms and directly to the fort. Nearer than this, and directly ahead of me, was another trail, much more difficult but going into a belt of thick timber.

It was plain, from the direction in which the Indians were going, that they were strangers and did not know the location of the post. As the band numbered more than sixty I was not anxious that they should find their way to the fort and make an attack. Consequently I determined to make a try for the trail ahead.

My whole chance, therefore, was in reaching the trail between the hostiles and myself. A warrior can change horses while a white man is thinking about it, and in the moment that I was standing still two or three braves led out in a direction calculated to cut off my retreat from the bottoms.

I was sure they did not fully understand the ground about there, and I didn't wish them to see my situation until I was a little closer to the trail. My only hope was to go boldly straight ahead as if ignorant of danger, and apparently riding squarely into their hands.

Before my little scheme was fairly under way, and when the gray had just begun to limber up a little, those picked warriors let out a yell, wheeled suddenly about and came for me at a rate that told me their horses were mountain bred and entitled to run with my gray. I touched the flank of the Kootenay gelding with one spur and plunged ahead for a few rods, until I saw there was not one chance in a hundred that I could reach the trail. By this time the hostiles had grasped the situation and sent a bunch of outriders to cut off my retreat to the coulee leading to the post.

Galloping Down a Precipice

There was only one thing to do and that I did almost instantly. I've made a good many short stops while on the back of a horse going at high speed, but that was certainly the shortest I ever attempted. Kootenay Gray obeyed the touch of the halter rope with marvelous promptness and in a second we were going straight for the bank. Under ordinary circumstances the most daring rider would have counted an attempt to go down that bank in the saddle as absolutely foolhardy.

Under the lashing that fell on their necks and flanks the horses of the warriors had made a great spurt and gained on me until within gunshot. While coming like a whirlwind they unlimbered their guns and began firing. The run for that bank was lively, and just before I reached the edge I whipped my rifle over my shoulder and fired a few quick shots myself.

I reached the very brink of the descent, and not a second did the horse hesitate, but cleared the edge at one leap and then went bounding down the declivity, clearing ten feet at every jump. How many seconds were spent in covering that half mile from the top to the bottom of the bank I shall not attempt to say. I was on the bottoms almost before I had time to think, and then the gray darted forward on the trail that led into the timber.

—and not a second did the horse hesitate

I allowed the gray to have full head. His blood was up and I doubt if he could have been pulled down to his ordinary pace. The way he carried me through that belt of timber was dizzying. No sooner were we clear of the trees than I caught a glimpse of the hostiles on the edge of the bluffs and concluded they were going to stick to the trace up to the home-stretch, so I made no effort to hold back the gray until I came to the trail which the Indians would have taken had they determined to push the pursuit right up to the gates of the post. As there was not a brave in sight when this trail was crossed I tried to slacken the gait at which my horse was going. But he wouldn't come down to his usual lope, although his head was dropped close to the ground and he was lathered as if the foam had been spread on with a brush.

Camped about the post were a lot of friendlies, and their braves came scattering out of the teepees to meet me as I approached. Of course a glance at the gray told them I had been given a race for life, and their chief called out:

"What is it? What's the trouble?"

"A band of strange Indians up on the prairies. Mount and get after them!" I answered, and in five minutes every buck was on his pony making for the high ground.

Then I called two French boys who were natural jockeys and we began to work over Kootenay Gray, rubbing, washing and putting on bandages. I was determined to save the animal, if possible, for he had certainly saved my life, but I realized that he had held a terrific pace for a stretch of fully five miles. It was high-pressure work and the descent from the prairie to the bottoms was a marvelous feat that must have inflicted an awful strain upon the creature's powers of endurance.

Before the last bandage was fastened about the limbs of the horse the braves who had gone out after the strange Indians came back with a rush. They were certainly as badly scared a bunch of bucks as I ever saw. The prairie was full of hostiles according to their excited accounts. The friendlies at once began to put up war-houses and prepare for an attack; but not a sign of a hostile was afterward seen, although a careful watch was kept.

The very day after my race I went out to the corral and was astonished to find the gray as lively as an antelope and not the least the worse for having carried me down the bank at the risk of his life. We were good friends after that for many years—the gray and I.

Lost and Blinded in the Snow

When it comes to an experience which shows the reasoning powers of the mountaineer's horse I know of nothing that equals the story of how White Prince saved the life of John Ripplinger. There was one of the grandest animals that ever made tracks in Montana soil. But for the remarkable brightness of that horse Ripplinger's bones would have been bleaching in one of the best buffalo runs of the State long years ago.

John was sent up by the American Fur Company to take charge of a post. He knew more about horses than he did about mountaineering when he came on the ground. One of the first things he did was to pick up the horse I'm telling about. Every trader that put eyes on that creature was bound to have him; but John didn't see anything in the whole country that he cared half so much for as he did for the Prince, and so he and the horse had a chance to get mighty well acquainted.

When the buffaloes were moving John was out for a killing every time the chance came his way. Although he was not so well up in hunting as he might have been, all he had to do was to let White Prince have his head. The horse would not only take him up alongside the herd in proper shape, where he could get a good chance at the fat cows, but would keep John out of harm's way. About all the man on the back of that horse had to do was to work his gun.

One day, in the course of a grand hunt that led away into a region with which John was not quite familiar, he took chances, in the excitement of the chase, and became separated from the other members of the party. It was almost dark when Ripplinger came to the conclusion that he was a little mixed on his course. But he still refused to admit that he was lost, and told himself he would pick up the trail all right in the morning. Consequently he picketed White Prince and made himself comfortable for the night.

Before morning the ground was covered with a fresh and heavy fall of snow, and he had no way of following the back trail excepting by the main features of the landscape and that sense of direction which becomes second nature to the experienced mountaineer. The sun came out bright, but the air was cold enough to keep the snow from thawing rapidly. Wherever Ripplinger's eyes turned they were met by the brilliant glare of the sun on the fresh snow. Keyed up by the pressure that a man feels in looking for a lost trail, John strained his eyes every minute of the day—looking here and there for some familiar object which would show him the way back. One moment he was sure he had at last struck the right course. Then after following it for half a mile his heart would sink down to his stirrups on realizing that he was still on a blind lead and that the face of the whole country was entirely strange to him. All day long he floundered around in this way, and was miles farther from the right trail at evening than he had been in the morning.

He had had nothing to eat and the gnawings of hunger began to be mighty keen after he had been knocking about for a day and had slept out all night. But his mind was so bent on finding his way back to the trading-post that the yearning for food was almost secondary during the first twenty-four hours.

In the course of his wanderings the second day a new terror came to Ripplinger. He began to suffer severe pain in his eyes, and the fear that he would be smitten with complete snow-blindness dawned upon him and increased with every hour. His eyes caused him constant agony, but the feeling that he would soon become entirely blind and would then certainly starve to death on the prairies was the greatest of all his tortures.

The third day found him as weak as a poisoned wolf, but still able to see dimly. He could make out the outline of

(Concluded on Page 18)

The Passing of the Great American Locust Plague

By Rollin E. Smith

THERE was an occurrence in Minnesota, in 1877, of which I, then a boy, have a vivid recollection, that was of such moment, involving as it did the prayers of a people and the commercial welfare of the State, that it seems worthy of being again brought to the attention of the world. I shall tell the story from personal recollections and as recently related to me by the Governor of the State from 1876 to 1882, Honorable John S. Pillsbury. But first it seems necessary to give the conditions which prevailed for some years previous to the time of the occurrence to which I refer.

The First Warning of the Plague

In the summer of 1873 considerable damage was done to the crops in two or three counties in the southwestern part of Minnesota by grasshoppers, or Rocky Mountain locusts. A number of farms were devastated and the farmers suffered severely from the loss of their crops. This attracted no especial attention throughout the State, for it was regarded as a local matter and one that another year would correct. It did not, however, for in the summer of 1874 the locusts increased in number and for every one of the first year there now seemed a thousand. They spread out, after feeding upon everything green in these counties, and overwhelmed the adjoining lands, widening their circle of devastation like the wave caused by a pebble falling into still water. As this mighty army moved along, at first made up of wingless little things that could scarcely hop a yard, vegetation—corn, wheat, oats, bushes, and all green things—went down before it like brown prairie grass before the fires of autumn. The things grew and took on wings; then they would rise in graceful circles, up, up, and on upward until one could only see them toward the sun, as their transparent wings shone white against the sky. But they came down again, upon green fields and prosperous farms, and renewed their work of devastation.

To the farmers in the afflicted districts this destruction of crops was appalling, for it meant actual privation and suffering during the long and cold winter. The second winter after the appearance of the grasshoppers an appeal was made to the State Legislature for aid; but the gravity of the situation was not realized by the members, and only a small amount of money was appropriated. With the coming of warm weather in 1875, however, the grasshoppers again increased in numbers and again spread out their wave of destruction, covering additional counties. For the third time the crops of the first few counties were destroyed; in other counties it was for the second time; and in still others this was the first year of devastation.

As the grasshoppers had now spread over the whole of southern Minnesota, and as they had thrived for three years, there was no reason to believe that they would not spread over the remainder of the State and into the adjoining States, as indeed they did, and continue to flourish indefinitely. The situation seemed almost hopeless, yet there was a possibility that the grasshoppers might be destroyed.

Devices for Killing the Grasshoppers

Efforts were made in this direction, and the inventive genius of man evolved many and strange means of destruction. One method was to plow ditches around the fields, so deep that, once in, the young 'hoppers could not readily get out. Then straw was heaped upon them and burned, and in this way great numbers were destroyed.

One of the most effective means of killing them, and the method finally most generally adopted, during the early summers of 1876-77, was the use of coal tar. Large sheet-iron pans, with edges raised four or five inches on three sides, were made, like immense dust-pans. In size they were from four feet to eight feet wide. These huge pans were put on runners, or wheels, so that they could easily be moved along. They were then smeared with coal tar, of just the right consistency; after which they were pushed by hand, or drawn by horses, through the fields. The young grasshoppers, being unable to fly, would hop upward as the machine came along, only to drop plump upon the tar-coated pan, where they would kick out their existence almost instantly. So rapidly would they gather that the pan required scraping frequently and replenishing with tar.

Coal oil was also used later by saturating cloths which were placed in the pan. The oil killed the grasshoppers in a few minutes. In this way, with a large pan drawn by a horse, a man would kill from fifty to sixty bushels in a day.

When the sheet-iron pan and coal tar were finally decided upon as the best means of destroying the locusts, there was not a great amount of either in the State, so the Governor sent to Chicago for a carload to be rushed through. This was distributed in the stricken districts, and by means of it thousands of bushels of the young locusts were destroyed in the spring of 1876.

Counties Made Almost Bankrupt

Another method for the extermination of the locusts, which was tried for a short time, nearly bankrupted several counties and caused a protest from the local officials. It was thought that by offering a bounty for the locusts, early in the summer, before their wings had developed, some headway might be made against them. The counties were to pay the bounty, for which the State advanced the ready money—there being fewer dollars than grasshoppers in some counties.

Accordingly, the several county treasurers were authorized to pay a certain amount the bushel for all the grasshoppers received at designated points, where they were weighed and then dumped into deep pits dug for the purpose. The writer recalls with pleasant recollections the keen interest we boys took in this part of the grasshopper visitation. It was in the spring, before the grain and grass had reached a height to impede the young grasshoppers in their efforts to spring into the air. But as they were inactive until warmed by the sun, there was no occasion to hurry to the field too early in the morning. We would wait until the dew was off the grass, then start forth. A common device for catching the 'hoppers was a large flour sack with a hoop in the opening, made flat on the side to be dragged on the ground. To this a stick for a handle was attached. An extra sack was carried to receive the 'hoppers when a good catch had been made.

It must have been a novel sight, those bright spring days, to see parties of men and boys headed for the fields, each with his two bags; and then to see them chasing through the fields and pastures, along fences and around stacks, like boys after butterflies, only that the bags were held close to the ground instead of in the air.

Sometimes, while the morning was still cool, the 'hoppers would be found in large numbers in some warm, sunny corner of a field, apparently having gathered there the previous evening. Then a good catch would be made in a few minutes—several pounds, perhaps. These would be poured into the bag which served as the receptacle, and another good corner looked for. As the day advanced the grasshoppers would scatter over the fields.

Selling Millions of Locusts

At the place we boys sold our grasshoppers three great pits had been dug to receive them, probably twelve feet deep by eight feet in diameter. A man was stationed here with a large steelyard to weigh the bags and give out warrants on the county treasurer. A bushel of grasshoppers was a fair day's catch for a man. When a bag had been weighed, its contents were poured into one of the pits, where the wingless little 'hoppers crawled over one another in countless millions.

After a time it became necessary for the man who bought the grasshoppers to inspect them also! Thrift overcame honesty in the case of some of the boys (and men, too, for that matter), and a liberal allowance of sand was often added to the bags. This was readily detected, however, and thereafter clean No. 1 grasshoppers commanded a premium over low-grade or adulterated stock.

With men and boys by the hundred chasing over the fields in every township in the southern part of the State, and catching from a few pounds to several bushels of grasshoppers a day, the sum that the counties were called upon to pay soon became enormous. One county, Blue Earth, was on the rapid road to bankruptcy; and now, instead of crying for aid to destroy the grasshoppers, its treasurer called for relief from those who were destroying the insects. An appeal was made to the Governor, asking that the law be suspended. He complied, for, although such immense quantities had been destroyed, apparently no headway was being made against the overwhelming hordes that came forth from the ground in increasing numbers every spring. They had so increased that they had covered and laid waste thirty-two counties. They had spread into Dakota, and northern Iowa was also being affected.

By the close of the summer of 1876 the situation was one almost to cause despair. But in the hope that something might result from a wider discussion of the situation, Governor Pillsbury, of Minnesota, invited a conference of the Governors of adjoining and near-by States. Accordingly, in October, 1876, the Governors of Iowa, Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri and Minnesota assembled at Omaha. Some noted entomologists were also present, by invitation, for it was thought that they might advance some plan for the destruction of the grasshoppers. This consultation, however, brought out little that was new. Every remedy that was suggested had already been tried—every remedy but one.

When the conference was drawing to a close the Governor of Dakota suggested that a day of prayer be appointed, for, possibly, relief to the stricken State would come from a higher power than had yet been invoked. This thought was received lightly by some, though it found lodgment in the mind of Governor Pillsbury. But, apparently, the council of Governors was profitless.

The Terrible Condition of the Farmers

While, of course, it was generally known in Minnesota that the crops had, for several successive years, been destroyed over a large portion of the State, the actual condition of the settlers in the stricken districts was not known outside of those districts. It was perhaps taken for granted in the cities of the State, and in other States, that the farmers who had lost their crops were the poorer for it, but just how poor they were, or whether in actual need, were questions that had not as yet been brought close to those who were comparatively untouched by the conditions.

An investigation was made to learn the actual condition of the farmers, and so extreme was their suffering found to be that decisive action was taken for their relief.

A measure was quickly put through the Legislature appropriating $5000 as a relief fund; and the Governor issued an appeal for aid in circular form, which was sent to churches and charitable institutions and widely published. Contributions in the shape of money, clothing and provisions at once began to come in, and men were appointed in every county and town to distribute them. At first the contributions were received at the capitol in St. Paul, but it was soon necessary to hire a storeroom in Minneapolis where they could be sorted and portioned out. When the country once knew the actual need of the sufferers it was not slow to act, and many carloads of clothing and provisions were received and distributed. The number of people that were fed and clothed that winter was 6000.

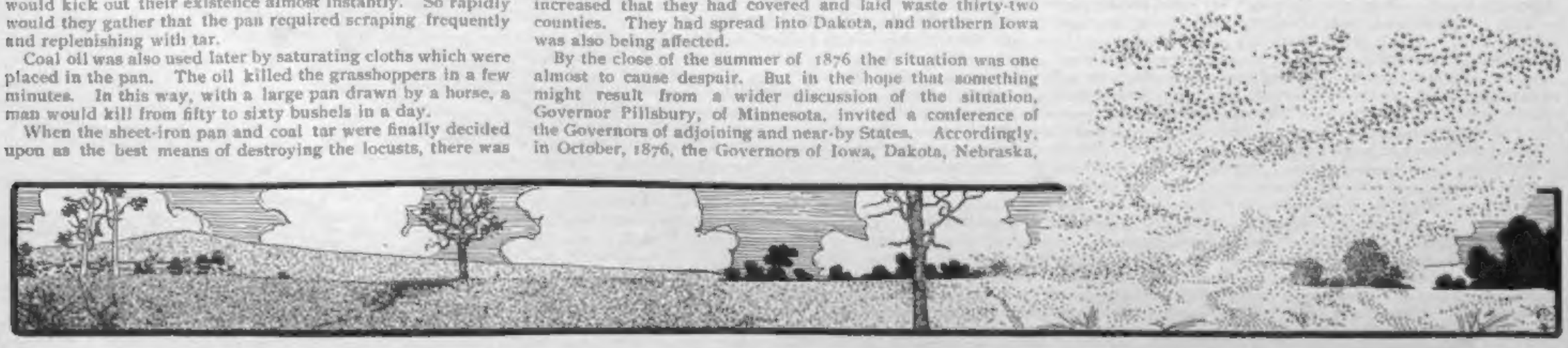
This was the condition that prevailed in thirty-two counties of Minnesota, and which was extending into Dakota and Iowa, when the fourth winter of the plague of locusts came. Every means that could be devised for the destruction of the grasshoppers had been tried, yet they had steadily increased; the actual suffering in the impoverished districts had been pointed out to the world, and relief had been given; yet the conditions that confronted the afflicted State were unchanged. Millions upon millions of grasshoppers had perforated the earth the summer before, and therein planted their billions of eggs, which, with the genial warmth of an April sun, would hatch out little hopping, devouring things, to swarm over the State and the adjoining States—and why not over the country? As they had spread out from two or three to thirty-two counties, what could stay them from going on and devouring as many States? Why might there not be 6,000,000 people to feed and clothe instead of 6000?

The Idea of Praying for Relief

Everything else had been tried—would the prayers of the people avail when the work of their hands had gone for naught? This was a question that the Governor was now asked to deliberate upon. Some ministers of the State began to importune him to issue a proclamation appointing a day for prayer throughout the State. He listened to them attentively and gave their proposition consideration. Finally, toward spring, he made a proposal to some of the ministers.

"Get up an expression," said he, "setting forth just what it is that you propose, and have it general, and if it meets with my approval I will do as you wish."

This was done, and an expression from many of the ministers of the State, requesting that a day be appointed for fasting and prayer, was handed to the Governor.



Upon this he decided to act, and a proclamation, of which the following is a copy, was issued:

STATE OF MINNESOTA, Executive Department,
St. Paul, April 9, 1877.

A general desire having been expressed by various religious bodies in this State for an official designation of a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, in view of the threatened continuation of the grasshopper scourge, I do hereby, in recognition of our dependence upon the power and wisdom of Almighty God, appoint Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of April, instant, to be observed for such purpose throughout the State; and I invite the people, on the day thus set apart, to withdraw from their ordinary pursuits, and in their homes and places of public worship, with contrite hearts, to beseech the mercy of God for the sins of the past and His blessing upon the worthier aims of the future.

In the shadow of the locust plague, whose impending renewal threatens desolation of the land, let us humbly invoke, for the efforts we make in our defense, the guidance of that hand which alone is adequate to stay "the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday." Let us pray for deliverance from an affliction which robs the earth of her bounties, and in behalf of the sufferers therefrom let us plead for comfort to the sorrowful, healing for the sick, succor for the perishing, and larger faith and love for all who are heavily laden.

Let us, moreover, endeavor to deserve a new prosperity by a new realization of the opportunity vouchsafed us, and a new consecration to those things which make for the well-being of men and the glory of God. J. S. PILLSBURY, Governor.

Of course this attracted widespread attention and caused much comment. In the State, the Governor's action was in general heartily indorsed, though a few so-called liberal leagues ridiculed his proclamation. One member of such a society wrote to the Governor and asked him carefully to take note of the condition of the grasshoppers the day before the day of prayer, and again the day after, to see the effect of the invocations which would go up from all the churches.

The Sudden End of the Awful Plague

Among the God-fearing people the proclamation created a profound impression. Though not prepared to hazard an opinion as to the probable effect of their united prayers, they resolved to observe the day in the most devout manner. I well remember hearing our minister read the proclamation from the pulpit, and then in solemn tones exhort his people to assemble in the house of worship on the twenty-sixth day of April, and there lend their voices to the general appeal for relief from an evil against which the power of man was helpless.

When the day came an air of Sabbath stillness proclaimed that it was not as other days. The unusualness of the occasion impressed all alike, and the scoffers had little to say. Shops and places of business were generally closed, and when the bells announced the hour of service, men and women, in Sunday attire, went their way to their places of worship.

In recalling that day, recently, Governor Pillsbury said: "I never saw a stiller day in Minneapolis."

On this day all denominations forgot their creeds for the moment, and the prayers of Protestant and Roman Catholic mingled in one fervent appeal for relief from the visible enemy that was destroying their State.

The twenty-seventh of April, the day following the day of prayer, the sun shone clear and hot over Minnesota, and an almost summerlike warmth penetrated the moist earth, down to the larvæ of the myriads of grasshoppers. Quickened by this genial warmth, the young locusts crawled to the surface in numbers that made the countless swarms of the preceding summer seem insignificant; in numbers sufficient to destroy the crops and hopes of half a dozen States. For a day or two the mild and balmy weather lasted, then it grew colder, and one night the moist earth was frozen and with it the unhatched larvæ and the young and crawling locusts above ground. And though the earth thawed again in a few days, the locusts, with the exception of a scattering few, had disappeared. "And," to quote Governor Pillsbury, "we have never seen any grasshoppers since."

American Men and Money in South America

By Charles R. Flint

President of The United States Rubber Company

AMERICANS will always have a great advantage over Europeans in South America.

By training and tradition the American is equipped above all others to develop new countries. He has the qualifications of the pioneer. He has adaptability. The European lacks these qualities. South America, in spite of her sixty millions of population, is to-day still virgin territory. She needs the peculiar genius of the American developer. The European invariably builds his railroads in a straight line. His locomotives have a long, rigid wheel base. He seems unable to appreciate the necessity for cheap construction. He does not know how to go around instead of through obstructions. In building up a new country, where traffic at the beginning is light and unprofitable, this knowledge is imperative if success is to be won. Our railroad construction is full of curves and grades. Our locomotives are flexible.

Few people realize what vast stretches of undeveloped country lie fallow in South America to-day. It is farther, for example, from the southern to the northern frontier of Brazil than it is from the northern frontier of Brazil to the United States. And yet Brazil has only 18,000,000 population.

With favorable conditions such as we are certain now to have, I expect to see the United States in practical control of the South American trade. Heretofore we have been so busy developing our own country and supplying its needs that we have had time only to scratch the surface of the great markets that lie at our doors. Now, however, we have begun to expand, and the process is certain to carry us into the South American field with a force that our competitors will not be able to withstand.

Many Things are Still to be Learned

There are certain things we must learn, however, if we wish to take full advantage of the opportunities that Providence has put at our hand. We must learn to understand the Latin-American peoples and their ways. We must learn to treat them with consideration and courtesy. The American is too prone to ridicule the demonstrativeness of our Southern neighbors. This demonstrativeness is a peculiarity of all Latin peoples. With them it is as natural as breathing. The most ordinary emotions find expression in a way that to the stranger seems exaggerated. It takes a long time to understand that when two men of the Latin race embrace, they are simply giving vent to the feeling that the Anglo-Saxon expresses by a hand-shake. There are very many people in the world who would look on our custom of hand-shaking with just such sarcastic indulgence as that with which we look upon the spectacle of two men falling on each other's necks when they meet in the street.

The average American makes the mistake of underestimating the ability and genius of the people to the south of us. In diplomacy and in art they excel us. Any man who thinks otherwise will come to grief. The American, to make a success down there, must meet their diplomatic arts with frankness and firmness and perfect plain speaking.

The South Americans are a fine, hospitable race, generous and considerate, and with fair treatment they make excellent associates in either business or society. They are not, and never will be, a mechanical people, and the mechanic can therefore go into the field without serious competition.

The railway systems of South America are being rapidly developed. In this field Americans have a very good opening, as the railways use American locomotives and American types of cars. Expert engineers, those familiar with railway management and those familiar with railway accounting, can generally obtain, without difficulty, good positions at fair compensation. The opportunities are better than in the United States. Competition for the upper positions is less fierce than it is in railroading in this country. The number of men in the field who are fitted for these positions is comparatively small. The railroads are always on the lookout for good executive talent.

There are Chances for Electricians

Of late there has been great development in electrical work in South America. Almost any person familiar with electrical construction and management will find opportunities on far better terms than exist in the United States. Such persons are eagerly sought for. The process of converting the old horse cars into electric trolleys is going on with rapidity. The substitution of electricity for gas in lighting is also rapid. The erection of many power plants is now in sight. There is probably no field in the world in which a man, with electrical knowledge and experience to sell, can do so well as he can in South America. The companies need superintendents and foremen, and other men for positions of responsibility, for both construction and management.

There is very little manufacturing in South America. In the River La Plata countries there has been some development under the protection of the high revenue duties and the premium on gold. Manufacturers were able to pay their workmen in the depreciated paper money and make a large profit. But now that the paper money of those countries has appreciated, manufacturers are finding their profits reduced. In Brazil there are a large number of cotton factories that do a good business.

Mexico is unique among the Southern governments in that she has succeeded in building up a quite pretentious line of manufactures. But the conditions under which she is working to-day are artificial, and even with these advantages she has been compelled to restrict herself to the production of the cruder materials. She makes all her cheap cottons, which are known in the trade as "browns and prints." She is also making sufficient paper for local consumption. Nail factories, too, have sprung up in sufficient numbers to supply the trade there, but the steel wire from which these nails are made still comes, and will continue to come, from this country. Mexico, like all the other South and Central American countries, has not the class of labor on which she can rely to compete with the United States in industrial pursuits.

Altogether the inducements to American capital and labor in the manufacturing field in South America are not promising. In fact, they are not worth considering seriously. In trade and agriculture it is different. There the young man and the small capitalist with intelligence will find opportunities that cannot possibly be duplicated in this country.

The principal handlers of merchandise now in the field are Italians, Spaniards and Portuguese. The natives seldom enter that field of activity.

These Italians, Spaniards and Portuguese are very skillful, able and industrious. They work, as a rule, from 7 A. M. to 8 or 9 P. M. Most of them live over their warehouses, in a frugal and thrifty manner, and many become rich in a few years. Nevertheless, young Americans of ability who go there and take the pains thoroughly to familiarize themselves with the language, and who put themselves in sympathetic relations with the people instead of assuming a position of superiority and criticism, will be received in a very friendly manner. They will have every opportunity to show what their capacities are; and so soon as their knowledge of the language and of business, and their acquaintance with customers, are sufficient, they will not find it difficult to obtain a partnership.

Able Men are Sought with Eagerness

There are quite a number of American firms who have branches or correspondents in South America. These firms are constantly on the lookout for competent men who have energy, good character and a knowledge of the languages spoken there. Such persons can make from twenty-five to fifty per cent. more than in a similar position in the United States. After they are "tried out" they are sent down into the field at salaries ranging from $2000 to $5000. These figures represent in value nearly twice what they would in the United States, for living costs about one-half as much in South America as it does in New York. When the $5000 figure is reached the man holding the position may be reasonably certain of a partnership interest. In fact, his firm will be only too glad to give him a partnership to hold his services.

There is keen competition among commercial houses for men to fill the upper places. I have known important concerns to retire from business solely from their inability to find men to carry them on when the partners wished to return to Europe or the United States. Men who have the necessary experience, character and knowledge of the languages are exceedingly scarce.

In agriculture and the allied industries there are also excellent opportunities. It is essential, however, for any one entering this field to have a certain amount of money. Probably any one with less than $5000 would find it a mistake to attempt agriculture in South America.

In the valley of the La Plata is the largest body of arable land in the world, suitable for the cultivation of wheat and corn, and near tide-water. There is a sufficiency of labor, and wages are moderate. The farming lands are held in large tracts, but the land can readily be bought on easy terms and worked with a profit by any one with energy, who also has knowledge of the growing and handling of grain and the raising of cattle.

Farther north, in South Brazil, coffee is grown to a larger extent than in any other part of the world. Owners of large coffee plantations allot a certain portion of their trees to the laborer, who, as a rule, is either Portuguese or Italian, and who, with his family, works night and day, cultivating the trees and gathering the coffee. Each laborer then receives one-half the product for his share. This is not suitable work for Americans, and unless an American has considerable capital he would not find it desirable to go into the coffee-growing business in Brazil. But with abundant capital, patience and industry very large returns can be obtained. A satisfactory coffee plantation cannot be purchased and operated with less than, say, $50,000 gold. But with such a sum, and with the necessary experience and energy, the returns would probably be at least double those of agriculture or fruit culture in this country.

The Outlook in Sugar is not Bright

Still farther north, in Brazil, sugar is grown to a considerable extent. This industry can only be carried on properly by a large investment of capital, and the returns are probably the poorest of anything in the field of agriculture. It is, therefore, an undesirable business for a young American.

In the extreme north, along the Amazon, there is a great production of rubber. This is gathered by natives and disposed of by them to "middlemen," who sell it to merchants. The position of "middleman" is a fairly profitable one. It requires but little capital, as merchants will supply competent men with the necessary funds or goods with which to buy the rubber, but it involves a life of adventure in an unhealthy country. The buyers have to penetrate the small creeks, on the banks of which live the Indian laborers who have tapped the trees. Rubber is what is called a "savage" product, and it is much more difficult to estimate the chances of profit in it than in cultivated products.

In a portion of the Valley of the La Plata, and also in Venezuela, there is a great production of cattle. The native cowboy understands his business thoroughly. He can give points to any American cowboy, and he works for far less wages.

To enter into competition with him is a hopeless proposition for the American. But a man who has sufficient money and experience may operate a ranch, for there is a good opening in cattle and sheep raising. The United States is settling up so rapidly that stock-raising on a great scale is declining with us. The vast tracts necessary to success in ranching are being cut up into small farms. Soon we shall have to depend on South America for our main meat supply. Europe already is largely served from there. The great fortunes made in cattle-raising in the United States may therefore be duplicated with almost absolute certainty in the endless tracts that lie in the Argentine, in Venezuela, and in Paraguay and Uruguay.

There are in South America magnificent openings for capital in certain directions. The people lack adequate transportation facilities. Great expanses of productive, fertile country, well settled with a thrifty population, still depend upon the bull-cart where there should be the locomotive.

Wonderful Towns are These Two

On the Amazon are two towns that, in proportion to their inhabitants, do a greater volume of business than any two towns in the world. These towns are Para and Manoas, the former having eighty thousand people and the latter thirty-five thousand. They are veritable hives. They are the distributing centres for the vast Amazon territory. Their volume of business is over ninety millions, gold, a year. They have the trade of fifty thousand miles of navigable water, including the Amazon and its tributaries. No other inland places in the world are so favored.

In building up a trade with the Southern Republics we have thus far been very fortunate. We have sent only high-class, standard goods. In the cheap, worthless grades we have done nothing, and sooner or later this will be to our advantage. Manchester practically controls the cheap trade in cottons throughout South and Central America. This must strike the superficial observer as extremely odd; for, in the Chinese market, America controls in cheap cottons. The difference is this: the Chinese are shrewd buyers. Though they wish the cheapest material they insist upon its possessing the wearing quality. In South America the people of the lower classes will take anything that appeals to their eyes, regardless of how it may wear. So far, it has been impossible to teach them otherwise. The result is that England sends what is practically mosquito netting filled with starch. Of course, when this stuff, sold as dress goods, is washed the starch disappears, and there is left only the web of cotton. Nevertheless, except in a few places, the people have continued to buy the stuff. Brazil has progressed sufficiently to get away from these "loaded goods." Her people are making, for their cheaper consumption, a brown fabric of pure cotton, and this, with the aid of a very high tariff, has practically forced the English cotton out.

Immigration from Europe is Increasing

Within the next quarter of a century South America will grow enormously and our field there will grow in proportion. Immigration is entering from Europe in a steady stream. The Argentine Republic is receiving great numbers of Northern Italians and Spanish and French Basques. Brazil is filling up with Portuguese and Italians. Germans in large numbers have settled in certain portions of Brazil. All these people are agriculturists. This will make for the increase of our markets almost as much as though they had settled in the United States.

A factor that will probably help materially in giving us control of the South American markets will be the building, sooner or later, of a railroad from North America into South America, continuing the line that now connects the city of Mexico with the United States. As a dividend payer such a road would probably be of little value for a long time to come. Its construction, however, will no doubt be forced by sentiment.

We Americans, despite our alleged closeness in business matters, are full of sentiment. We have frequently, prompted by patriotism, done things that would elsewhere be impossible. And, strangely enough, in all such cases the enormous development of our country has made good; commercially, all such undertakings which were inspired by sentimental motives.

Excellent examples of this are the Pacific railroads. The same spirit that made possible their construction will undoubtedly bring about the construction of a railroad to and through South America. The American will never rest content until he can get in a drawing-room car in New York and stay there until he leaves it in Patagonia. While Cecil Rhodes and the English are still dreaming of their Cape to Cairo road, we Americans will be passengers on through trains to Cape Horn. As a broad trade speculation such a railroad will be an excellent thing, even though it will not pay dividends for a long period after its construction. It will do for us in South America what the building of the Mexican railroads by American capital has done for us in Mexico. Although we were only an unimportant element before the construction of the railroads in Mexico, we are now the controlling foreigners. Mexico is filled with enterprising Americans who direct its roads and who are developing its mines, and, to a large extent, its agricultural resources.

It is well for the American merchants and manufacturers, and for the enterprising young Americans who are just starting out in life, to realize the future that lies before us in South and Central America and to prepare to take much advantage of it. A young man has taken an enormous step in the way of equipping himself for the field if he has studied Spanish and Portuguese until he has become thoroughly familiar with those languages. So equipped, he can easily find an opening either in one of the South American export houses in the United States, or by going direct to the place where he wishes to operate.

The life down there is a pleasant one, and there are few risks. The chief drawback is the danger of yellow fever in Brazil and the tropics. But even this is not a very serious matter. The fever, as a rule, attacks violently only those whose habits are not good. Under the present treatment the ordinary death rate is twenty-five per cent. It is reasonable to suppose that many men will have the fever the first year, but, after once having had it and recovered from it, they are immune. If their habits are good, the chances of getting it are minimized, and the chances of recovery are very much increased. It is probable, on the whole, that yellow fever is far less perilous than is pneumonia in our own country; but as we are less familiar with the fever, it seems more terrible to us.

Census Disclosures

By Samuel E. Moffett

OUR decennial stock-taking makes it evident that this country has permanently slackened the hot pace at which we were driving ahead, not only in the first century of our national existence, ending in 1880, but in all the two centuries and three-quarters of English settlement on this continent. Our present population of 76,295,220 is enormous, but our rate of increase for the past ten years, twenty-one per cent., is lower than for any decade since census taking began. Before the Civil War we could count upon adding one-third to our population every ten years. In 1890 the accretion had sunk to a fourth, and henceforth we can hardly expect to average more than one-fifth.

If that is to be our rate of increase for the next hundred years, we may expect our population at future census periods to be something like this:

1910	91,554,264
1920	109,865,116
1930	131,838,141
1940	158,205,769
1950	189,846,922
1960	227,816,306
1970	273,379,567
1980	328,055,480
1990	393,666,576
2000	472,399,891

Although these figures are far below some of the sanguine estimates of former prophets they are sufficiently impressive. The young man who has cast his first vote for McKinley or Bryan this year may expect, if he takes care of his health, to live to see the United States with a population of 200,000,000. It may be asked why the rate of increase should not fall off still further, so that even these figures would have to be reduced. It may, of course, but the United States will be less thickly settled when it has 500,000,000 than the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and New Jersey are now, and all those States have increased more rapidly in the past ten years than the hypothetical rate for the country as a whole.

Massachusetts now has 328 inhabitants to the square mile. The United States will not be as densely inhabited as that until its population passes a billion. It is evident, therefore, that if our rate of growth shall decline during the coming century it will not be on account of overcrowding.

A Striking Comparison with Russia

The United States is now in population the second white man's country in the world, Russia being the first. But, even with our declining rate of increase, we are growing much more rapidly than Russia. Our population now is a trifle more than hers was forty years ago. In the thirty-eight years between 1859 and 1897 Russia's population grew from 74,000,000 to 129,000,000—an increase of seventy-four per cent. Of this at least 7,000,000 must be credited to annexations. In the forty years between 1860 and 1900 we have grown from 31,443,321 to 76,295,220, an increase of 142 per cent., and this in spite of a destructive Civil War and with practically no help from annexed territory.

The present population of those parts of the British Empire in which the white inhabitants are not lost among a vast mass of colored natives is estimated at about 53,000,000. Germany has about 55,000,000. No other white man's country in the world has much over half our population. Canada, which is sometimes spoken of as a rival of the United States on this continent, has fewer inhabitants, by a wide margin, than either New York or Pennsylvania.

Just Where the Increase Has Been

The increase of population has been more evenly distributed than ever before. There has been no great migration from one section to another, as in previous decades. The only really enormous growth has been in Oklahoma and the Indian Territory, where the population has increased over 226 per cent. At the opposite extreme is Nevada, with a decrease of seven and five-tenths per cent. There are two areas of almost stationary population, one in Northern New England, where Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont have increased only six and five-tenths per cent; the other in Kansas and Nebraska, whose growth has been only two per cent. Almost everywhere else the increase has been somewhere within hailing distance of the general rate for the country at large, which is about twenty-one per cent.

Although States like New York and Pennsylvania have enormous populations, no single State has one-tenth of the total number of inhabitants of the Union. In this respect we are fortunate in comparison with composite governments abroad. Prussia outnumbers all the other German States put together; England has more than three times the population of her two sister kingdoms combined; and the Canton of Berne has more than one-sixth of all the inhabitants of the twenty-two Cantons of Switzerland. But it is interesting to reflect that we might have had our Prussia if Virginia had kept her Western lands, instead of ceding most of them to the United States after the Revolution and allowing the people on the remainder to set up for themselves. If Virginia now covered the territory that was indisputably hers a hundred and twenty years ago she would have about 16,300,000 inhabitants, and if she held all she claimed at that time she would have 22,744,541. There would be no question about the title of the "Empire State" then. A Virginia of that sort would have transformed all American history.

Mr. Ackerstein, of New York

By Molly Elliot Seawell

THE usually quiet, peaceful garden of the Hotel Kaiserhof was in an uproar that June morning. Being the most expensive, as well as the most uncomfortable, hotel at Bad-Mondheim, it was full of Americans, and these were mostly congregated at the windows and in the balconies which gave upon the garden, listening to the fracas. The row was between Herr Klinkerfuss, the proprietor, and his head waiter, on the one side, and Mr. Emil Ackerstein, now of New York, but late of Bad-Mondheim, on the other. Mr. Ackerstein was a native-born Mondheimer, and had passed his childhood running barefoot and bareheaded about the little bath-town, where in summer a great crowd of people came from all over the world to soak themselves in the baths. He had learned his trade of printer in the office of the Mondheim Weekly Gazette and, only eight years ago, had gone to the United States to seek his fortune. Apparently he had made it, for during the Widow Ackerstein's life Emil had regularly sent his mother the magnificent sum of a hundred marks—about twenty-five dollars—a month; and the old lady had ended her days in affluence, occupying the whole of the first story over the biggest bakery in Mondheim, and wearing a silk gown on Sundays. Then, when his only sister Elisa had married Herr Brincker, the jeweler, Emil had sent her a present of two thousand marks for a wedding gift. And now he had come back on a visit to Mondheim, and to make his début as a gentleman and a capitalist in his native town. To inaugurate it he had taken up his quarters at the Hotel Kaiserhof, where he proceeded to condemn everything that was German, and to impress upon everybody that, being an American, he must necessarily have everything in American style. The cause of the present riot in the garden was his demand for an American breakfast, including chicken livers sauté and frogs' legs.

"Chicken livers sauté and frogs' legs!" bawled Herr Klinkerfuss. "Whoever heard of anything but a roll and coffee, and perhaps a little honey, or else an egg, at eight o'clock in the morning? You, Emil Ackerstein, who thought yourself lucky to get a roll and coffee before you went to America!"

"True!" responded Emil nonchalantly—he was a good-looking young fellow, and had brought back with him a fund of cool American assurance, along with his silk hat and patent-leather shoes. "True," he repeated. "That is good enough for you Germans, but for us Americans—it won't go, I tell you."

A cheer and a clapping of hands from a balcony whereon a half-dozen Americans had gathered added to the gayety of nations. It also brought to a window on the opposite side of the garden Professor Schmidt, who surveyed the scene with an air of philosophic inquiry over his spectacles. And at a bedroom window above, behind a muslin curtain, hovered Mina Schmidt, the Professor's pretty daughter. Yes, Emil was very handsome, thought Mina—he had been a good-looking young fellow when he used to bring her father the proofs of the scientific articles the Professor wrote occasionally for that eminent journal, the Mondheim Weekly Gazette, as far back as eight years ago. Emil's sister, Elisa Brincker, was a great friend of Mina, and had always much to tell of Brother Emil, and his kindness to her and his mother after he went to America—and here was Emil, living like a prince at the Kaiserhof, and not finding it good enough for him, and standing up boldly before Herr Klinkerfuss, that pretentious

She had never heard of frogs' legs and chicken livers sauté for breakfast

person, who talked so loud, and strutted about Mondheim as if he owned the place! Mina's sympathies were quite with Emil, although she had never heard of frogs' legs and chicken livers sauté for breakfast.

At this point the head waiter, brandishing his tray, took a hand in the mêlée. Germany is a much more democratic country than America, and head waiters have a good deal more to say in their own behalf in the Vaterland than in the land of the free.

"You wish us to believe that you have fish, flesh and fowl for breakfast in America, with fruit besides, and a dozen different sorts of bread? Well, we Mondheimers are not such fools as you think. It is like your tale of servants in the kitchen having oysters and ices when the family has them. We know better. I wonder you don't ask for truffles and champagne for breakfast!"

The head waiter had known Emil from the days of his towheaded childhood, and so did not stand on ceremony with him. Emil bestowed a withering glance of contempt upon this functionary, and coolly lighting a cigar remarked:

"As likely as not, you don't know that champagne and truffles are not for the morning, but for the evening—just as you Germans don't know that a dress suit is for the evening and not for the morning."

"We Germans! Ach Gott!" interjected the head waiter, while another salvo of applause came from the balcony full of Americans, and a voice called out:

"Go it, Ackerstein! We're with you!" Thus adjured, Emil proceeded to "go it."

"When your waiter came to my room this morning in full evening dress I was scared. I thought I had slept all day and it was evening and time to dress for the ball at the Kurhaus."

And Mr. Ackerstein, taking the list of visitors from his pocket, flourished it in Herr Klinkerfuss' face. Everybody on that list was entitled to go to the Kurhaus ball. Herr Klinkerfuss' name was not in it—nor any of Emil Ackerstein's friends or relations—but there, the very first name, was "Mr. Emil Ackerstein, *of New York.*"

Herr Klinkerfuss savagely adjusted his spectacles, read the name for himself, and lapsed into speechless chagrin and disgust.

"Of course," coolly remarked Emil, returning the list to his pocket, "the managers never would have let me in if I had continued to vegetate in this hole of a place. But when I went and inscribed myself as from New York—*for* I am a citizen of New York, I'll have you to understand, and hold property there which enables me to vote—they dared not refuse. If they had I'd have made the newspapers ring with it; I'd have told all the New York people here about it, and they would have boycotted your slow old town; I'd have made them know to their sorrow what it is to refuse Kurhaus tickets to a man who wears this." And Emil pointed with pride to a couple of American flags in enamel which obscured most of his necktie.

"We would have had an American lynching bee, sure, if a Kurhaus ticket had been refused an American citizen," called out a very well-dressed old gentleman from the balcony. His hair and beard were quite white, and his venerable appearance caused his statement to be accepted with entire good faith by all who heard him—except his own countrymen.

Professor Schmidt, still standing at the window, shook his head. He had heard of such desperate things, but never before in a way to command respect. But that handsome, conservative old gentleman—the Professor knew him by sight and knew that he was a banker in Philadelphia—there could be no disbelieving him. So far, there had been no lynchings by Americans in Germany—but the Americans were a singular and unphilosophic people.

Both Herr Klinkerfuss and his head waiter were staggered at the vista opened by the remark of the staid old gentleman from Philadelphia—and so was sweet Mina Schmidt, listening to every word. But she understood, with her subtle woman's intelligence, why Emil Ackerstein was so very American. As he had intimated, if he had remained in Mondheim he never would have been able to go to the Kurhaus balls—that is to say, he never could have risen one step from the humble position in which he was born—he never could have given that hundred marks a month to his old mother and the two thousand marks to his sister. He had gone to America, and had been made free—free of a thousand small but everlasting shackles which bound him in Mondheim. And, coming back as he did, what wonder was it that his head was a little turned and that he had got into that American way of guying everything? And underneath it all she suspected a passionate gratitude toward his adopted country and a good deal more respect for his native land than he was wont to admit in the garden of the Hotel Kaiserhof. She rather surmised that in America he boasted of being a German. At all events, he had a good heart. That hundred marks a month to his mother, and that noble wedding gift to his sister, spoke volumes for Emil Ackerstein.

The disturbance in the garden quieted down after a while, as disturbances generally do, by concessions on both sides. Mr. Ackerstein, of New York, consented to accept of ham and eggs as a substitute for chicken livers sauté and frogs' legs. Herr Klinkerfuss, who had a large bump of curiosity, was anxious to hear about America, where, he was reliably informed, everybody was very rich and nobody counted the cost of anything. The hotel-keeper had utilized this knowledge by charging the Americans two prices for everything. So he seated himself quite amicably by Emil's side, and listened while Emil explained to him how remarkably easy it was for anybody to pick up money in the streets of New York.

An hour or two afterward, Mina Schmidt, on her way to the dressmaker with a large bundle containing her best muslin gown, encountered Elisa Brincker with a basket on her arm, just from the grocer's. For such were the primitive ways of the Mondheim gentry. Mina made her own clothes, including the muslin gowns she wore to the Kurhaus balls, but something—perhaps the reflection that Emil Ackerstein was to be at the ball—made her wish for a few professional touches upon her ball dress. No doubt Emil went in the very smartest society in New York—so Mina thought—and with these things in her mind she came face to face with Frau Brincker.

"I am preparing my finery for the dance to-night," said Mina.

"Emil is going," replied Elisa. The Brinckers did not go to the Kurhaus balls, but Elisa was secretly proud, as a good sister should be, that Emil should go.

"Your brother is no longer a German, but an American," said Mina laughingly.

Elisa looked vexed. "Yes, Emil is quite crazy about America."

"He had a great time this morning at the Kaiserhof, trying to get what he called an American breakfast."

"I am just as well pleased that we have no room in our flat for him," said Elisa in a burst of candor. "I would rather entertain the Grand Duke himself."

"How does he get on with Herr Brincker?" asked Mina.

"Very badly," replied Elisa. "You know Heinrich liked his military service very much, and Emil was exempt because of his broken finger. Well, last night the two got into an argument. Heinrich loves the army, adores the Emperor, and says if it were not for me he would volunteer for China to-morrow. Emil laughed at Heinrich, and said he wouldn't take a million of marks for his broken finger, which saved him from the army; and he called the Emperor"—here Elisa looked about her and whispered—"a meddling, conceited, jack-in-the-box of an Emperor, and said that the United States would 'take a rise' out of His Majesty some day—whatever that may mean."

At this Mina looked thoroughly shocked and alarmed. "And what did Herr Brincker say to that?"

"He arose and said he didn't care to hear such language about the Emperor; and Emil kept on, and called the Emperor, William the Chatterer, and Kaiser Billy, until I interfered, and told Emil that it would have distressed mamma to hear him speak in that way; and then he apologized to Heinrich and kissed me, and asked us to go to the theatre with him this week—Emil has the best heart in the world. But I wish he weren't so *very* American!"

When Mina was dressing for the ball that night, to which she went under the Professor's wing, she kept asking herself whether Emil Ackerstein would ask her to dance. At the very same moment Emil, anxiously surveying himself in the mirror at his room at the Kaiserhof, was asking himself whether he dared ask Mina Schmidt to dance or not. He had seen her picture in his sister's drawing-room, and had caught a glimpse of pretty Mina herself once or twice with the Professor. But the recollection of sitting in the Professor's hall, with a bundle of damp proofs in his hat, was clear and very poignant to him. He might put on a few airs with Klinkerfuss, who was a pretentious, purse-proud old dodo. But Professor Schmidt—Emil, being fundamentally a man of sense, reckoned the Professor, with his small salary and shabby coat and five boys to educate on next to nothing, as a far more important person than the rich hotel-keeper.

At the Kurhaus balls any gentleman could ask any lady to dance, and was seldom refused. Emil, however, took as few chances as possible with Mina Schmidt. As soon as he entered the ballroom he espied her dancing with an officer—circumstance hateful to a civilian! Emil seized the opportunity to approach the Professor very respectfully, and, making a low bow, recalled himself and the damp proofs to the Professor's memory.

"I recollect you very well, Herr Ackerstein," said the Professor amiably, and then, after a while, seeing Emil in no way disposed to presume, he added slyly:

"I was a witness, with several others, of your rencontre this morning with Herr Klinkerfuss." Emil blushed, but turned the point to good account.

"I thought it as well, Herr Professor, to take some of the wind out of Klinkerfuss' sails. He has only succeeded in making money—a thing which I, Emil Ackerstein, with fewer advantages than Klinkerfuss, have done. Had he been a man of learning—like yourself, honored Herr Professor—I should have treated him with the highest respect. You will never find me taking that tone with a truly honorable and educated man."

At which Professor Schmidt, who prided himself on being a philosopher in practice as well as theory, grinned with gratified vanity—philosophers being, as a rule, more easily bamboozled than other men.

Emil never felt so honored in his life as when the Professor then and there plunged into a discussion on economics, as illustrated in the United States. The Professor had a theory, which he had triumphantly proved on paper, that most of the wealth in the United States was purely speculative value, and liable to collapse like a punctured balloon. In vain Emil tried to convince him that there were such things as conservatism and honest labor in America. The Professor smiled blandly, but was unconvinced. And then, Mina coming up after her dance with the glittering popinjay who represented military despotism—for so Emil, in his heart, characterized all officers—he timidly asked her to dance, and off they whirled together.

That dance began and finished the business for those two young hearts. Afterward they were always whirling off together at the Kurhaus dances—always sitting next each other at the afternoon concerts—and Emil was always planning parties, which included Mina and the Professor, and entertaining them upon a most lavish scale, according to the Mondheim standard. If the Professor had taken a carriage as often as Emil suggested it, he would soon have lost the use of his legs altogether.

Professor Schmidt enjoyed this, in a philosophic way, of course, and having suspected the fact, about a month after all Mondheim knew it, that Emil and Mina were deeply in love with each other, he began to consider whether such extravagance was desirable in a son-in-law. And he considered it the more deeply, one morning, when Emil appeared and, after stating exactly the sources of his income—a newspaper outfit which he had bought with his little savings, and which had turned out to be very valuable, and some other fortunate investments—he asked him point-blank for Mina's hand.

Emil did this with apparent coolness and courage, but all the while he felt as if his spinal marrow had turned to water, and his knees and elbows were made of putty.

"You wish to marry my daughter Wilhelmina. Soh," said the Professor, after a pause which seemed to Emil as long as from Harlem to the Battery.

"Yes, Herr Professor," replied Emil tremulously. "I think I have already given you proof of my ability to support your daughter in comfort, and——"

"Yes, yes. But what I wish to know is, suppose you should lose this fortune of yours, which seems—pardon me—to have been made by the most reckless speculations—could you, by honest labor, maintain my child?"

"What is the old pachyderm driving at?" was Emil's inward thought, but his spoken words were: "I worked with my hands, Herr Professor, when I first got to America. Not finding work at my trade as soon as I landed, I got a job, as we Americans say, on a building the day after I landed.

—and listened while Emil explained

Although I had never done a day of such work in my life, I earned a dollar and a half—six marks—a day for nearly a month."

"Ah!" cried the Professor, "I have it!"

He arose and, pointing to a building going up across the street, cried

"Do you see that stalwart old man carrying bricks up? Well, if you can do as well as he, and can earn as much in a week on that building, I will give my consent to your marrying my daughter Wilhelmina!"

"That old duffer!" cried Emil suddenly; "if I couldn't do better than he—the fact is, Herr Professor, you Germans require two heads and four hands to do what we Americans can do with one head and two hands!"

"All right, my American friend," replied the Professor dryly; "I will now see that phenomenon, perhaps. I will give you a card to the contractor on the building, explaining the circumstances, and no doubt you can get the work I desire you to have."

And, sitting down, the Professor scribbled on a card something which rather frightened Emil, after all. It was:

Dear Sir: The gentleman who hands you this—Mr. Ackerstein, now of New York, late of Mondheim—has agreed, as a condition for my daughter's hand, to do more work in a week, carrying bricks, than old Karl Ebers. Mr. Ackerstein also claims that Americans, like himself, can do with one head and two hands what we Germans require two heads and four hands for. Pray let him have a chance to try. I shall watch the experiment with interest from my study windows.

Emil perceived that the Herr Professor's note would not make it any easier for him; nevertheless, assuming a jaunty air, he marched across the street and up to the contractor, who happened to be on the spot, and handed him the Herr Professor's card. The contractor grinned

"It shall be as the Herr Professor wishes," he said. "Look you here, Karl Ebers; this young gentleman from America, whom we all know, has to beat you carrying bricks before he can marry the Professor's daughter, Wilhelmina."

Karl Ebers, who had already a load of bricks upon his shoulders, had to put them down and laugh

"Laugh away now!" cried Emil. "Wait until I can get a suit of overalls and go to work—perhaps I shall laugh this day week."

Within half an hour Emil had returned, in a workman's suit of overalls, and retaining but one exterior mark of his former elegance—his huge scarf-pin in the shape of American flags—went to work

"Aha! That's your game!" cried Karl Ebers, who was an old soldier. "America against Germany. All right, my young cock; we'll see how a German, old enough to be your grandfather, can teach you something."

And from the very start it was plain that Karl Ebers was the better man at brick carrying

In vain Emil worked like a Trojan, and learned to skip up and down the ladders with the greatest activity. There is an art even in carrying bricks. Old Karl Ebers, stolid except for an occasional sly grin, worked steadily, and without in the least hurrying himself, and when it was time to quit work he was already two hundred bricks ahead of Emil, with a prospect of increasing his lead. Moreover, he had not turned a hair so far as fatigue went, while Emil's shoulders ached, his hands were blistered, and his legs felt a hundred years old. And there was a dance at the Kurhaus that night!

Emil, with the greatest effort in the world, dressed himself and went to the Kurhaus, knowing whom he would see in the ballroom—and there, sitting by Herr Professor's side, was Mina. Her face lightened when she saw Emil, as a placid mountain lake becomes molten gold at the rising of the sun. All of his pains and aches disappeared as if by magic at that glance. He led her out to dance, while the Professor beamed sarcastically over his glasses, and, the story having got about, a little murmur of laughter and approval went around. Mr. Ackerstein, of New York, seemed able to prove the superiority of his adopted country

"I was watching you," whispered Mina, "and I was so frightened when you went up on those tall ladders, but I am sure you did much more work than that stupid old Ebers

Emil did not enlighten her—he could not bear to destroy her belief even in his hod carrying powers.

"And papa watched you, too. I heard him laughing to himself every time you dropped a brick."

Yes, he had dropped more than one brick, and his heart was in his mouth at the mere thought that any one might take a fancy to walk past the new building. But he kept his fears, as well as his tired arms and weary shoulders, to himself, and danced away with Mina until that young lady, suddenly remembering Emil had done hard and unusual work that day, would dance no more, and so gave him an excuse to go home and to his bed at the Kaiserhof

Next morning, nothing short of the power of love could have got him out of his bed. But when he had finally crawled into his clothes, had his breakfast, and donned his overalls, he found an inspiring crowd of Americans, headed by the Philadelphia banker, ready to escort him to the scene of his labors just across the street. The story had got out at the hotel, and with that truly American propensity to back America against the world, these gentlemen were ready to stake all their loose cash on Mr. Ackerstein, of New York, without taking the trouble to investigate the chances of Mr Ebers, of Mondheim. Of course, there were plenty of takers on the Americans' terms—Germans, English, Russians, French, Italians, Roumanians, and all the other nationalities which can be found at a German bath town. Soon the issue became, not Emil Ackerstein against Karl Ebers, but

—a vast number of yellow-painted buckets, holding bricks, slowly ascended full and descended empty

America against the universe. And in this spirit, and with the cheers of his watching and waiting countrymen to inspire him, with the knowledge that Mina's fair eyes were upon him, to say nothing of the Professor's spectacles, Emil began his second day's work.

The Americans enjoyed it hugely. Besides the probability of losing their money and having to walk home—a proposition which they were never tired of shouting at the toiling Emil—it became positively dangerous to stand under the building, as Emil more than once dropped bricks. According to their national characteristic, the Americans walked about the dangerous spot just for the fun of the thing; and when a policeman came along and ordered them to keep away from the scaffolding he was met by derisive shouts, dubbed "Mike," and recommended to return to his native country, which was no doubt Ireland. A German policeman on ordinary occasions follows Dogberry's instructions, and when a man will not stand when ordered, bids him depart in God's name. So did the Mondheim functionary, grinning meanwhile over his shoulder.

When that day ended old Karl Ebers was more than five hundred bricks ahead of Mr. Ackerstein, of New York—and the Americans at the Kaiserhof were reduced to drinking champagne by way of reconciling themselves to the prospect of paying their money.

On that second evening, after Emil had limped to the Kaiserhof for his supper, the old gentleman from Philadelphia—whose remarks about lynching had so horrified Professor Schmidt—took Emil aside, and they had a long conversation. The result was that both took a carriage for a near-by manufacturing town and returned about midnight, Emil driving a cart with something in it which looked like a hogshead.

Next morning, when the workmen assembled and the contractor appeared, they saw the result of Emil's midnight raid. He had set up an apparatus which was a rude but effective copy of the brick-hoisting machine, so common in America, but which had never before been seen in Mondheim

A small stationary engine puffed and wheezed, as an endless chain, with a vast number of yellow painted buckets, holding bricks, slowly ascended full and descended empty. And over the whole concern floated the largest American flag that could be bought in Mondheim.

It wasn't a perfect machine, by any means It occasionally got balky, and had to be coaxed; the engine was decidedly erratic, and the flag was, obviously, in the way. But all the same, the tale of bricks went on and up, and presently Mr. Ackerstein, of New York, was delivering bricks on the scaffolding at the rate of about thirty to one of Mr. Karl Ebers, of Mondheim.

By that time the hotel crowd had again collected in the street, the Americans strongly in evidence, and shouts, cheers and hurrahs greeted Emil's invention. The old gentleman from Philadelphia went about in an ecstasy, his behavior still further puzzling Professor Schmidt, who was closely watching the proceedings. So was Mina from behind the window curtain, her tender heart palpitating with delight. The losers, made up of all nationalities, took their losses good-naturedly, knowing the story involved in the bets. Old Karl Ebers remarked philosophically that all the Germans who went to America became a great deal too smart for Germany. And when work was stopped for dinner, and Emil went over to the Kaiserhof, he was the hero of the hour. The Americans, having had recourse to champagne to console them under the prospect of walking home, now ordered it to celebrate their escape from that unfortunate predicament.

At the end of the week there was another interview between Emil Ackerstein and Professor Schmidt. Emil had the tale of bricks ready.

"I believe, Mr. Ackerstein," said the Professor blandly, "there was no mention of machinery made in our agreement."

"Neither was it excluded, sir," replied Emil. "It is by the application of scientific principles to ordinary things that we Americans can do more than any other people on the globe. I hope, sir, you would not discriminate against the intelligent use of means to an end."

The Professor rubbed his nose thoughtfully He had a great many scientific principles, but it had not occurred to him to apply them to ordinary things. Perhaps there was something in what the young man said, after all—and those Americans really were a remarkable people

"I may say, Mr. Ackerstein," replied the Professor, after a pause, "that you have proved your capacity to support my daughter by actual labor, and you may consider that you have merited the consent I give to your marriage I am ready to discuss preliminaries with you now. As you perhaps know, my daughter's fortune is small——"

"My dear sir," cried Emil, "don't mention it. I shall follow the customs of my country. It is I, not you, who will make a settlement on your daughter, besides insuring my life for her benefit, and making my will as soon as we are married, giving her everything I have to do with as she likes. Such is the general custom in the United States."

Oh, how proud was Emil at that moment! How thoroughly American he felt! As for the Professor, he was delighted at the arrangement, thinking that a man so rashly generous as Emil Ackerstein could not long keep possession of any money whatever. But the tale about such munificence being common in the United States—well, the Professor didn't believe a word of it—that's all. Such generosity was clearly impossible on a large scale—and the Professor could have given a hundred philosophic reasons for not believing it.

Within the month Emil and Mina were married. On their wedding tour they went to the most expensive hotels only, where Emil registered with a flourish, "Mr. and Mrs. Emil Ackerstein, of New York." They had frogs' legs every day, which, with Emil's fulfilling to the letter all he had offered to do in the way of making over most of his property to Mina giving her, in his will, all he had, and insuring his life in her favor, implanted a faint dread in her mind that perhaps he was just a little crazy. However, after going to America and seeing how things were done there, Mina began to wish that the American form of insanity concerning wives and property obtained everywhere. And on her return for a visit to her native land, after three years, it was noted that she was quite as American as Emil. As for Emil, he had by that time almost forgotten how to speak the German language, and declared there was but one town on earth fit to live in, and that was situated on Manhattan Island

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The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728, and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

Living on Pennies

THIS is the golden age of the economist. Nothing in life is so interesting as experiments. We like to compare great poverty with great wealth, great sorrow with great happiness, the purity of our own candidate for office with the demagoguery of the opposition leader, the perfect manner of our own preacher with the sensational person who is vulgarizing the spirituality of the other church.

And so in the very exuberance of prosperity, in the most wonderful expansion era the world has ever known since Alexander wanted the whole earth, and at the time when the apotheosis of civilization is the full dinner-pail, we find these dealers in statistics and these reformers in ideas and manners glorying in the real smallness of the cost of living when practiced from the standpoint of the economists who love the fractions of cents

We have in Boston a most excellent gentleman who offers to keep a family alive on $2.00 a week. And in the South we have another excellent gentleman who is general secretary for a Society for the Improvement of the Conditions of the Poor, who presents menus and figures to show that a family of six can live on $1.50 a week. An idea of the bill of fare can be obtained from the items for Wednesday. For breakfast a family of six have oatmeal, bread, syrup and coffee; for dinner they have hominy and bread; for supper they have bread, sausage and tea. For every breakfast during the week they have oatmeal, and at only two meals do they have anything resembling meat, when it is entered as sausage or white pudding, each of which is an indefinite term. There is a wonderful interest in all the lists, but the supper for Monday and Wednesday and Saturday, consisting of bread, syrup and tea, is the most interesting. For $2.00 a week such luxuries as cabbage, cold meat and pork are offered, and there is also a slight promise of a few codfish cakes.

It would be unjust as well as unwise to discourage these experiments, for there is undoubtedly behind them a strong and serious purpose. The value of starvation has been scientifically demonstrated in many cases, and the usefulness of cutting people down to a plain diet has its merits. We observe, however, that most of these scientists take other people to practice their theories on, and it is furthermore established that when a family, which is paying $1.50 to $2.00 a week for riotous living, is able to leave home and go to a good restaurant for a wider selection of dishes, there is likely to be no one at home to answer the door-bell during meal hours. Unquestionably the reform, as the opposite of the tendency of high living, may accomplish something. It may correct the American stomach and save it from dyspepsia, it may reduce formal dinners and banquets to sensible proportions, [illegible] and for person[illegible] tidbits and [illegible] which are warranted to digest anything [illegible] platform.

But after all the average income for that matter the average woman, not to mention the average child, will be disposed to get about the best the purse can afford. It is out of the order of civilization and entirely contrary to the spirit of the human race not to prefer canvas-back duck to scrapple, or quail to tame goose. Good food is a factor in all growth. Make it coarse and insufficient and those who eat it deteriorate. Make it sufficient and sensible and you get a better population, a better culture and a much finer-looking lot of people. Instead of trying to live on $1.50 the average family would do much better to earn $30 a week and get what is best for nourishment and satisfaction.

But of course the scientists will keep on investigating, and after they have proven their conclusions by indisputable figures they will, like sensible men, go to their homes or their clubs and enjoy the best that the market affords.

The positive man is the one the world wants.

Wanted — A Transparent White House

NOW that the gentlemen who are agitating the question of the construction of a new White House have begun to present to Congress memorials on the subject, embellished with plans and elevations prepared by the eminent engineers of the army, they should not permit themselves to be diverted from their lofty purpose by the sentimentalists who are making tearful protests against the proposed demolition of the historic pile in which Mr. McKinley now lives. The fact that Dolly Madison poured tea for diplomats within its hallowed walls has no appreciably beneficial effect upon its sanitary condition to-day; nor has the late presence under its roof of Mr. Jefferson and other makers of history prevented the envious tooth of Time from gnawing upon the building. But aside from these considerations, a demand has gone up from every corner of the country for a White House which shall more nearly meet modern requirements. The earnest but misguided men who located and planned the present home of our Presidents did not build for posterity. They established the building too far from the railroad station. The great American tourist, with a limited return ticket, who proposes to "do" Washington in two hours, and push on to Philadelphia before dark, is obliged to waste much valuable time in reaching the Executive Mansion. Again, the short-sighted architects who planned that structure, so far from considering the rights and privileges of the great common people who are taxed for its support, placed the private office of the President in such a manner that he is immured behind walls and doors and door-tenders, and is quite inaccessible to the casual visitor

What is needed is a new White House immediately opposite the railroad station, with a broad avenue extending through the building. The offices and living-rooms lining this parade should be constructed with glass partitions and all doors should stand open at all times. Thus the tourists could pass rapidly through the building, see all the sights, observe the President earning his $50,000 a year, and catch the next train.

It must be conceded that there is a great and yearning curiosity among the sturdy yeomen of the soil in this broad land as to what the President does to earn so much money. Endless debates in village groceries have not yet settled the question, and every citizen holds it one of his inalienable rights to discover the facts at first hand. Under the present system at the White House that is impossible. The sturdy yeoman may see the East Room or the Blue Room to his heart's content, but when he evinces a desire to peer over the President's shoulder and see what he is writing about, a door-tender, possessing much fluency of speech and remarkable argumentative ability, directs the attention of the tourist to the Washington Monument, and advises him to visit it at once, before the sun sets.

Hence the demand for a new White House. The present Congress has an opportunity of earning imperishable fame by butting sentiment and tradition off the track to make way for progress.

It is rather curious, is it not, that no great city in this country boasts that it has the best municipal government?

Pilgrims to the Shrine of Patronage

FOR the first time in a quarter of a century there will be no real change of Administration at Washington. This means more than appears on the surface. Thousands of office-holders who would otherwise be expecting dismissal feel secure in their places. More thousands of office-seekers who would be looking for possible vacancies will not spend all the money they have in going to Washington or paying the expenses of delegations in their favor.

It might be deduced that we have entered upon a golden age in which office-seekers must give way to the finer ambitions of the human race. But such calculations do not take into account the fact that there are many thousands of offices in town, city and State for which there are strong competitions. It would be difficult even to estimate how many people are striving for these places, and it would be foolish to say how many hundreds of thousands are to-day after the fifty thousand or more offices which the various legislatures meeting [illegible]

When the several [illegible] had not found [illegible] It was only during the century just closed that [illegible] largest [illegible] but [illegible] things of rapid growth that make up quickly for all time that may have been lost in the dim and distant past.

Sin is an elastic phrase which may include many things and numerous meanings. The first school looked upon it as a voluntary act of the individual; the second school considered it a moral disposition of the race; the third school recorded it as an imperfection. Thus even about sin the theologians of the centuries have always differed. Office-seeking is a voluntary act; it is a disposition of the race; and in its effects it is often an imperfection.

Through no other thing except drink are more good energies wasted. Washington is by no means the only place where it manifests itself, although it is the storm centre when Administrations are changed. Every village has its individuals; every town its claimants; every county its regiments; every city its cohorts, and every State its armies of men and women who want to serve their country in a more substantial way than by merely working for their parties and getting out the votes on election day. Taken together, there are hundreds of thousands of them, and the number of disappointments is too great even for calculation. There should, of course, be no discouragement to those who want to offer their services to the public, and who are ambitious to rise to influence and usefulness. The cruel fact is that only in a rare case is real success achieved. It is a losing game to seek either comfort or wealth through office-holding, and worse than any financial disappointment is the fall of high hopes, making too often a wreck of a good life.

It is a poor sort of American who cannot be proud of his country in these days of its greatness.

The Practical Value of Air-Castles

IN NOTHING are practical men more likely to err than in underestimating the value of sentiment. How often we hear of "mere sentiment," as if it were utterly impotent and virtueless. There is a common contempt for dreamers. To call a man visionary is to blacklist him among those whose chief end is to bring things to pass.

And yet, were we to read history aright, dealing with forces back of facts, we should learn that some dreamer or visionist, some soul suffused with "mere sentiment," has prepared the way for every worthy work the world has known. The Hebrew prophet was a dreamer, but he lifted his race to the crest of that civilization which did for morality what Rome did for law and what Greece did for art

Not Garibaldi, nor Victor Emmanuel, was the creator of Modern Italy. Grand old Mazzini had dreamed of a free and united Italy, and had started a hundred thousand young men to dreaming, and they were Garibaldi's red shirted battalions, "every one in love with hardship, privation, freedom and death."

Samuel Adams did as much with his pen as George Washington with his sword to unloose the Colonies from foreign rule. The poet is necessary to the soldier. He "sings us up to courage with commanding rhyme." The man of sentiment is to the man of action what the architect is to the builder. There must be castles in the air before we know how to lay the stones.

Let not the hand say to the imagination, "I have no need of thee." Sentiment is not the vague, nebulous thing it seems to be. It founds empires, marches before armies, writes constitutions, and governs the globe. It is immortal, and its character justifies such a phrase as Emerson's, "the eternal ideal."

By doing the necessary things one comes into the appreciation of the beautiful.

Getting the World Out of Debt

JEREMY BENTHAM, in whose teeming mental storehouse the origin of so many reform notions may be found, was, perhaps, the first to advocate the abolition of all laws for the collection of debt. No suggestion of this chief of the utilitarian school, from whom John Stuart Mill derived not a little of his inexorable logic and clarity of thought, is to be passed over with indifference. Let us see, therefore, what may be said in defense of so radical a proposition.

First: The minimizing of the universality of credit and the substitution of cash payment, which would result in consequent reduction of price to those who would benefit most by it—the poor. The elimination of bad debts would enable every grocer to sell at a smaller margin of profit—a condition which the inevitable laws of competition would bring about.

Second: The abolition of the installment system, which compels the poor to pay three times the worth of an article.

Third: Something can be said for the probable tendency of the substitution of cash for credit to arrest panics. These spring largely from overspeculation—from straining the bonds of credit, always of problematic endurance, until they break. Sellers now rely, to some extent at least, upon court process to compel payment. Were such assurance removed they would be more careful in extending credit, and an important factor in the creation of that distrust which precipitates commercial panics would be removed in two ways: large substitutions of cash payments for credits, and the addition of increased conservation to that part of the credit system which remained

This reform would do away with a great horde of court officers, judges, sheriffs and clerks, thus saving to the community large sums now worse than wasted; it would force great numbers of individuals who now add nothing to the wealth of the world into purely productive pursuits, and it would tend everywhere and in all lines to a minimization of profits and reduction of prices. It would benefit the class whose benefit is at all times most to be sought—that great unprivileged class whom we speak of as "the masses."

Men & Women of the Hour

Mr. Lawrence M. Jacobs

A Diplomatic Light of Beacon Hill

Honorable George von L. Meyer has been nominated by President McKinley to go to Italy as Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, to succeed General William F. Draper, who has performed the duties of that high office and drawn its annual salary of $12,000 since 189-

Under the new ambassadorial régime there will be no royal jealousy over jewels. Poor Queen Margherita, with her endless chains of pearls and her hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds, rubies and sapphires, who frankly felt such pride in her jewels and as frankly showed her jealousy of the jewel display of the wife of the retiring Ambassador, has gone into practical retirement since the assassination of her husband, and has given to relatives and friends most of the jewels that so delighted her heart. And now there is a new Queen and there will be the wife of a new American Ambassador, and diplomatic relations will no longer be jewel-strained.

Mr. Meyer is a much younger man than General Draper, having been born in 1858, and, like the General, he is a native of Massachusetts. Mr. Meyer is a man of culture and fine presence, and is very wealthy. His interests lie along the good American lines of industrial enterprise and the development of real estate. Mr. Meyer is a Harvard graduate and a man of wide travel. He speaks several modern languages.

Besides being a man of culture and education he has been active in politics. He is a member of the Republican National Committee, and as such took an active part in the recent Presidential campaign. He has been a member of the State Legislature of Massachusetts and was for a time its Speaker. Previous to that time he served in the City Council of Boston.

That Mr. Meyer is a man of varied tastes is shown, among other ways, by the fact that he is a member of not only the Myopia Hunt Club, the Puritan Club and the St. Botolph Club of Boston, as well as of other college, athletic or social clubs, but also of the Metropolitan Club (or Millionaires' Club, as it is often called), of New York City. His wife was a Miss Appleton.

That Mr. Meyer was born on Beacon Hill, and that his home is still on Beacon Hill, will, after all, seem his strongest recommendation in the minds of many New Englanders.

A Youthful Government Statistician

Twenty-three years of age and holding an important place with the Philippine Commission! This statement applies to Mr. Lawrence M. Jacobs, a year and a half ago a student at the University of Chicago.

The first intimation which the Secretary of the Treasury received concerning the existence of such a person as Mr Jacobs came to that official in a letter from President Harper, of the University of Chicago. President Harper wrote that he had a young man, twenty-two years of age, who was a marvel as a student of political economy, and that he would be gratified if a place should be found for him

The Department was not in the business of hiring young graduates to fill responsible positions, but the letter was so exceptionally enthusiastic that the Secretary wrote to have the young man sent on. About the only position not under the Civil Service rules was one under the Auditor for the Department of War. Though this place paid about $1200 a year it could hardly be regarded in the light of a position requiring an abnormal amount of political and economical knowledge. It was looked upon more as a high-class clerical job, and the Secretary smiled grimly as he saw a mental picture of the young giant in economics when introduced to his new duties. The office was filled with files placed there about the close of the Civil War and dusted once for good and all about two years after that time. Those who were informed of the young student's introduction took occasion to satisfy their curiosity as to how the young man would "take it." They watched him curiously, but he never wavered, showed the white feather, or indicated that this was not the position he had been longing for and dreaming about for years. He took hold of his work as if it were of the utmost importance, and won the admiration of the Secretary.

The Secretary watched the progress of the young man and came to the conclusion that he was in need of some one who, when sent to the Congressional Library or elsewhere for information, could bring it back intelligently digested. It was impossible to secure an important appointment for Mr. Jacobs without calling a special examination. However, this was finally arranged, and young Jacobs was told that unless he should stand first he would have no chance for the coveted position

An examination in financial history, political economy and statistics was called; young Jacobs took the test with nearly forty others, stood first on the list, and was appointed to the place

Eight others who succeeded in passing the severe examination were looked upon as too valuable men to be lost, and they were all appointed to positions commanding moderate salaries.

Later came a request from the Philippine Commission for a statistician. There was not the slightest question as to who was the proper man for the position, and Mr. Jacobs was immediately appointed.

Artist McEwen's Triumphs in France

Mr. Walter McEwen, whose painting entitled Sunday in Holland has just been purchased by the French Government for the Luxembourg Gallery, represents in his person and career many elements decidedly at variance with the established traditions of artistic life. As a boy he did not display remarkable precocity in the field of effort in which he has since received several of the highest European honors open to Americans, and he never passed through the period of "struggle and starvation" so generally expected in the early life of the young painter while winning a reputation. His boyish attempts at art were creditable, but not extraordinary, and the most notable struggle of his artistic career was in overcoming parental objections to "fooling away time in making pictures," but after a while he won them to his views

After leaving college, at Lake Forrest, he was taken into the office of his father, a Chicago contractor. In vain he urged his preference for painting. This was held to be an impracticable, boyish whim which would wear away after a few months of business training. Instead, he showed so much more interest in making sketches of the architects, foremen and workmen who frequented the office than in figuring accounts and estimates that his father finally capitulated in despair.

When only eighteen years old he was sent to Munich, after a little preliminary study under private tutors. In Munich he studied with Cormon, and in his second year captured a first-class medal. The picture which won his initial honor was presented to the Art Institute of Chicago. His first big success was an honorable mention in the French Salon for his painting of Paris and the Apple. This was bought by Mr. Munger and now belongs to the Art Institute of Mr. McEwen's home city. After this honors came easily to the young American. He gathered in twelve gold medals, and in 1896 was decorated with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor

Of all his paintings, The Ghost Story is his favorite. This he declines to sell, holding it for exhibition purposes. It is the only one of his canvases of which he has permitted reproduction to be made

Not even his charming pictures of quaint home scenes in Holland are more popular than The Madeline, owned by Mr. Deering, of Chicago. This has an interesting history. The painter had been out to a typical Parisian gathering of the artist clans to celebrate an annual festival. In the "small hours" he parted from his companions and walked toward his lodgings. On his way was the great Church of the Madeline, and, in obedience to a strange and indefinite impulse, he turned inside. Kneeling and bowed in earnest prayer were an old woman and a beautiful girl. Their penitential faces, illumined by the soft candle-light, were marvelously impressive, and all thoughts of the gayeties he had just left behind him were instantly driven from his mind He carried the picture in mind, with its strange sombreness and its mystery, and transferred it almost literally to the canvas

Mr. McEwen is strong in his Americanism, and makes it a rule to vote at every Presidential election, returning to America for that purpose when he might otherwise linger later in Europe.

Hon. [illegible] Meyer

Dictator Jarvis, of Nome

There is one little man up at Nome whose word is law. He has not as high a legal standing as a town constable, but by common consent he rules the camp like an amiable tyrant. If the tough population needs to be subdued, Jarvis does the subduing. If money is wanted for the public welfare, Jarvis announces how much he will require, and it is produced. If an epidemic is to be averted, it is Jarvis who issues the quarantine orders

Lieutenant D. H. Jarvis—for that is his name—is an officer in the revenue cutter service, and is scarcely thirty-five years old. His position has kept him in Alaska for the greater part of the past ten years, and he thoroughly knows the country. There are few Esquimaux along the whole coast whom he cannot call by name.

Eastern people first heard of him two years ago, when he made his great dash over the winter snows to Point Barrow with relief for the ice-bound whalers. Arctic explorers have not yet ceased to talk about that journey. But people who knew the young officer merely said, "That's like Jarvis."

When the rush to Nome commenced the United States Treasury Department decided to send a man there to act as agent of the customs bureau, and Jarvis was dispatched on the mission. His work began as soon as he stepped ashore. Nome was overrun with murderers and thugs who had taken refuge there from all corners of the earth. The town was terrorized. The law was powerless. Jarvis had hardly landed before the better class of miners hunted him up as an old friend and explained the situation. Would he drive the "toughs" out of the camp?

"Certainly," said Lieutenant Jarvis, though he had no more authority than had the 'longshoremen on the beach. But lack of authority did not bother him. That very day he rounded up about a hundred of the worst characters and placed them under guard on the beach. Then he made a little speech.

"Gentlemen," he said, as softly as though he were addressing a prayer meeting, "I'm going to ship you out of camp, and I don't believe that it would be healthful for any of you to return."

"What right have you got to drive us out of camp?" roared the astonished men. "You've got no right at all, you little bald-faced kid." (Jarvis, it should be explained, has the face of a cherub and a physique as frail in appearance as a girl's.)

"Maybe not, maybe not," answered the young Lieutenant reflectively, "but you are going, just the same."

A vessel was in the harbor. Without more ado Lieutenant Jarvis, assisted by the better class of miners, proceeded to load the bad men on board. The ship sailed away with the cargo of angry criminals, and they never came back to Nome.

That was the Lieutenant's first experience at Nome. Thenceforth he was, by common consent, made the dictator of the place. He had no liking for the rôle, but was ready to act when the occasion demanded.

When a steamer with smallpox aboard sailed into port Nome was almost paralyzed with fear. Among a population of 30,000 people, living under the most unsanitary conditions, the disease would slay hundreds and thousands should it get a foothold. The people on the ship were preparing to come ashore when Jarvis paddled out to the vessel. Climbing aboard he found the captain.

It was no time for soft speeches. "You must put this ship and these people in quarantine over on that island," said the Lieutenant simply.

"Who the blazes are you, and what authority have you got over me?" demanded the astonished sailorman.

"We'll talk about that after a while," said Jarvis; "but just now I'm going to put you in quarantine." The captain and passengers were furious and threatened to throw Jarvis overboard, but the little fellow stood his ground, and by sheer force of will made the vessel go into quarantine.

But there was need for a hospital also, and for a detention camp, to care for the passengers. That meant money, and Jarvis had none. So he went offhand to one of the big commercial companies doing business at Nome.

"I need $20,000 to put up some buildings," he said. The money was handed over to him, the hospitals were built, and Nome was spared the ravages of the plague.

"Publick Occurrences"

The Centennial of Our War School

The new Appropriation bill for the support of the army contains an item of $10,000 for the centennial celebration of the Military Academy on the Fourth of July next. At the very time when this money was being provided two bodies of investigation, one appointed by the Secretary of War and the other by the House of Representatives, were instructed to find out the facts about a case of hazing which was declared to have resulted in the death of the victim. Among the members of the former board were Generals Brooke, Bates and Gillespie

The main effect of these occasional outbursts is to eclipse in the public mind the real greatness of our War College. It is not only the finest institution of its kind, but one of the most beautiful places in the world. There and at Annapolis is taught the gospel of the flag, and from sunrise to sunset the expression of the national sovereignty is impressed upon the young men who have devoted their lives to their country

These young men, numbering nearly four hundred, shut off practically from the rest of the world and put through a daily program that has no parallel in other colleges, naturally lead a life different from that of the civilian

The great and incalculable value of the West Point officer is his sense of justice, obedience and manliness. After the Civil War the reconciliation was made possible and hastened by the initiative and magnanimity of the great soldiers.

Grant and Lee at Appomattox delayed the proceedings talking over their old friendships, and General Grant records in his book that he almost forgot the object of the meeting until General Lee called his attention to it

A Cadet's Definition of Hazing

Cadet Carpenter in the investigation at West Point replied to General Brooke's question, "What is your idea of hazing?"

"The doing or performing of something which one would not care to do of his own accord

The dictionaries are curiously unsatisfactory in their accounts of the origin of the term. One explanation says that it is from an old term meaning to hamstring

Hazing in some form or other is as old as the school. Boys have something of the brute in them, and it is hard to restrain them from expressing it

In the old days often the biggest brute of all was the school teacher, and it was natural for the youngsters in their way to copy his fondness for thrashing somebody. Indeed, it has only been within the past generation or so that any of our educational institutions have reached civilized manners Nearly every boy who has been to school has had to take his dose, and even the old college graduates who have become sedate and kind hearted guardians of the morals of the time look back upon those experiences with certain delight.

At the same time the abuses of hazing have been outrageous. George William Curtis, the gentlest and the most gentlemanly of our critics, said, "The petty bullying of hazing and the whole system of college tyranny is the most contemptible denial of fair play," and he declared that the hazers in college are men "to whom the training and instinct of the gentleman are unknown

The Fight that is in the Blood

It has not been so very many months since the Powers of the world convened at The Hague and solemnly agreed that war was a bad thing and that they intended to be good Leading in these creditable efforts was our own United States, and seconding our propositions for peace and humanity was Great Britain

Since that time we have had our war with Spain and thrashed the little fellow in grand style Great Britain has had a more severe tussle with the little giant of South Africa than was ever expected, and all the peace-loving Powers have combined in slaying in rather a reckless manner thousands of Chinese who know less about fighting than they do about telling the truth.

After all is settled and done, the fact remains that the fight is in the blood, and in the successful nations of to-day it is strong and sturdy. It flows full red and free. It is well to bear in mind this fact when we are passing judgment upon the youth who is somewhat more vigorous than his elders If his spirit finds vent in harassing a schoolmate or in any of the forms of hazing there is some sort of an explanation behind it, and in a way it is measuring out the doctrine of the survival of the fittest

The difference between the old times and the new is very clear, and it is a complete satisfaction to those who live in this generation. The swash-buckler of the past cowed those smaller than himself, and proclaimed his belligerency as best he dared. The fighter of the present day knows that if he fights except for due cause or for the national feeling that justifies the reason, he has simply a masculine manner with the instincts of the brute—and not a very good brute at that

College Pranks at Home and Abroad

Hazing belongs to no particular nation or section. In some countries it takes the form of individual acts; in others it assumes proportion in mobs Only a few years ago a class contest in Oxford University, England, resulted in the breaking of 460 panes of glass in addition to the various personal encounters. As usual, nobody was found guilty.

In some of the American colleges the tricks have been on a gigantic scale, and in more than one instance life has been sacrificed in the frivolity. Only a year ago a cadet was expelled from West Point for hazing the grandson of one of our greatest Generals. This man admitted his culpability, and acknowledged that his victim had given him no cause for the act

Not many years ago a new member of the Academy at West Point was sent upon the severest duty there, the patrol of the loneliest spot in the grounds. He was surprised by a cadet dressed in the uniform of an officer, and after being sufficiently startled, forty cadets dressed in sheets rushed out of the darkness and threw him over a parapet into a ditch. The young fellow had nerve and remained quiet, and the only way the thing was found out was through the fact that the bayonet of his musket was bent by the fall.

In some of the colleges all sorts of tricks have been played, and in many cases the results have been serious.

The Argument in Favor of Hazing

The Military Academy may be taken as an illustration of hazing as we see it in America, because there it assumes more ingenious forms and is persevered in with greater persistency than anywhere else. One error in the public prints and in many of the speeches in Congress is the impression that most of the young men are the sons of officers of the army and navy. As a matter of fact, one-half of them are sons of merchants and farmers and planters. A third more are sons of lawyers and judges than of army and navy officers. They come from all callings and classes in business, from the sons of undertakers to the sons of bankers, and in their examinations they pass the same tests

After these untried youths arrive at the Academy there is a process of selection which belongs mainly to the cadets themselves. All are fond of saying of the Military Academy, "It is a school where every principle of honor is taught and followed." Those in favor of hazing—and they include most of those in the Academy who have been through the experience—say privately that it is a good thing; that it tests the quality and standing of the recruit, and that it is a process of selection. If any doubt is announced as to the justice of the institution, the young men simply point to the splendid set of officers who have graduated from the Military Academy.

In its way it is all another expression of the somewhat famous dictum of Henry Watterson, who declared in a great National Convention that no man can fully respect another until he has had a fight with him.

The Case Against the Custom

But, of course, there is another side to this question. The victims have sometimes been injured, inevitably they feel the disgrace, and in the end suffering and unhappiness are visited on families

No one can expect a father or mother to see virtue in any alleged code of honor that wrecks the nerves and the health of a son who has started out with high hopes and ambitions. The ability of a man to stand the torture of bullies or to keep up his end of the fight until prostrated is no real test of courage or of manhood.

Some of the greatest of our heroes have been men who were afraid to fight. It takes a supreme crisis to bring out the highest virtue, and the midnight brawling has seldom yet produced anything much higher than work for the police magistrates

The thing that will do more than anything else to correct the worst forms of hazing will be the home influence that will be brought to bear from every section of the country. It will make its first impress upon Congress, and the Representatives whom it reaches will not hesitate to add emphasis to their eloquence in presenting the facts in debate.

The Military Academy is dependent upon Congress for its support, and the Congressmen who hold the purse-strings will be able to gain their ends with the certainty that ordinary measures of reform in manners and morals could not hope to reach for years to come.

The Triumph of Good Influences

Reports from the various institutions of the country all agree that the worst forms of hazing are now almost unknown. Many influences have combined to bring about a new order, and to convince even the most unruly student that brutality is not a part of the modern educational curriculum In nearly all the colleges of the present day are two new factors for good

One is the Young Men's Christian Association, or some similar movement which teaches the masculinity as well as the higher value of modern religion, and thus helps to make a man out of the boy without discouraging any of his strong qualities

There is a more systematic teaching of athletics which not only strengthens the young man in the way he should go, but provides a safety-valve for his surplus enthusiasm

It is a fact which seems to have escaped many of the writers on college development, that the better college sport has been developed the greater has been the decrease of hazing. This carries with it no decrease of vitality

The Decline of the Bully

It is astonishing how many of our manners and customs have their origin in war and in the rough usages which took place during the conflicts amid tribes and races. In the comic opera or in every experience upon the sea the word "Ahoy" is familiar. In the old manuscripts it appeared as "Aoi," and it was the battle-cry of the Norse and Danish Vikings when they rushed their galleys upon the enemy.

When a salute is fired in honor of a person of distinction it is a sign that the peaceableness of the visit is recognized and that there is no need to keep the guns loaded. So when the order to present arms is given, it is an offer to deliver them if necessary. Through all the customs and manners there runs a curious reason. For instance, man came to be right handed because the region of the heart was the most vulnerable part of the body, and he therefore used his hands to give it the largest possible protection

All these terms in history show how our past has been one long record of fighting and contention; but at the same time they teach their lesson because they stand for the peaceableness of the present. One great fact in civilization is the decline of the bully. Of course he is not altogether gone There are many manifestations of him in the life and government of the present; but as a rule he is no longer a controlling factor. He sometimes struts his brief day, but it is always brief.

This is the age in which the man who makes big bonds must have plenty of strength to back his claims. Thus it is that the man of large reserve force counts for so much in the business politics and wars of modern times

A School that Turns Out Gentlemen

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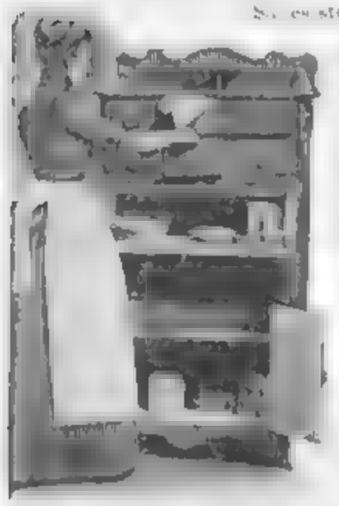

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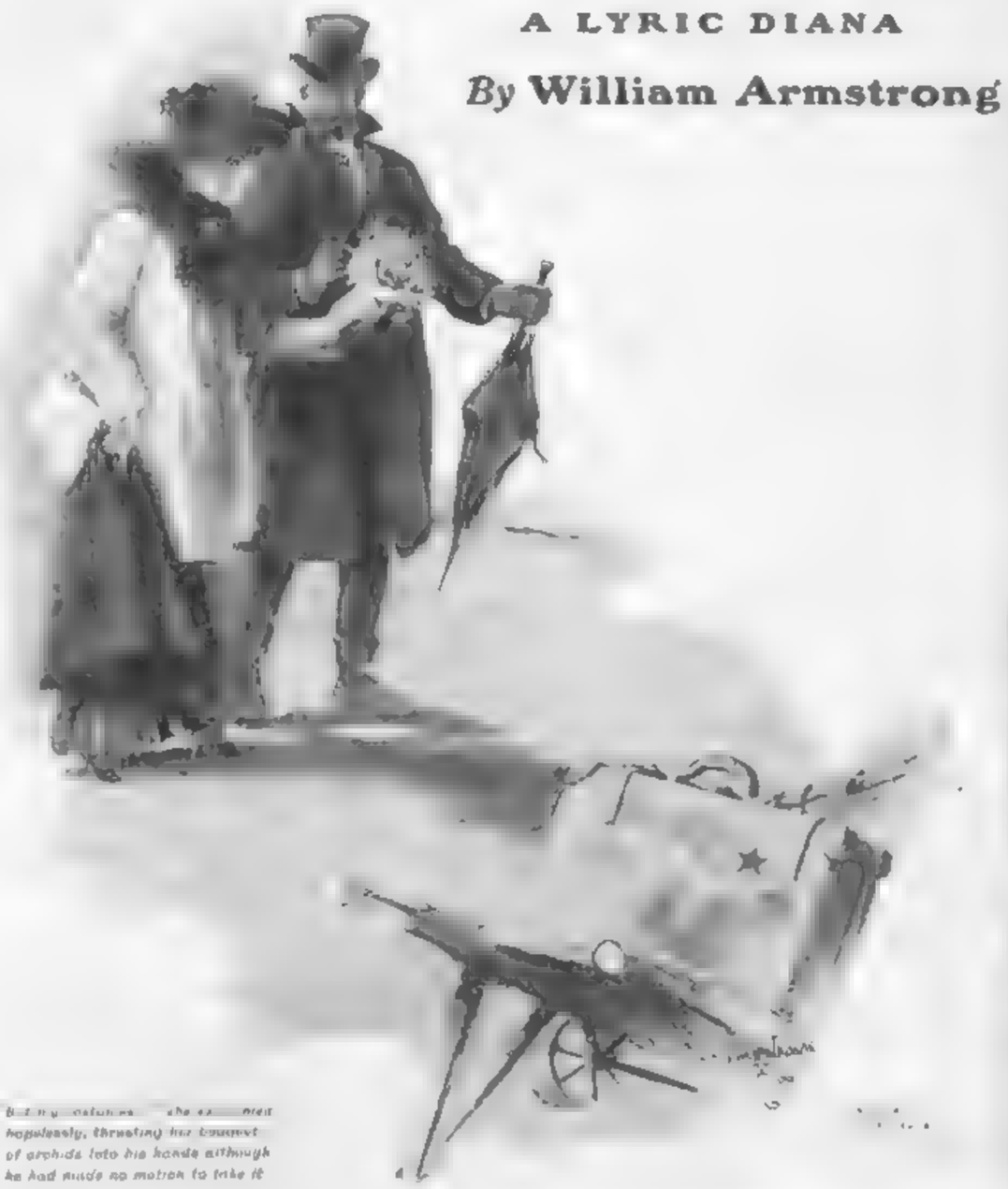
Tales of the Grand Duke's Opera Company

A LYRIC DIANA

By **William Armstrong**



But Signor Gramponi . . . the [illegible] gazed hopelessly, thrusting his bouquet of orchids into his hands although he had made no motion to take it

SIGNOR GRAMPONI arrived in New York from Italy with a tranquil mind and an iron-clad contract. By another boat came Fraulein von Sternberg who was to sing Elsa and the younger romantic rôles during the New York season.

They met at rehearsal, a rather perfunctory affair and not along the stricter continental lines to which they were accustomed. There was consequently more time to become acquainted with each other and with the surroundings.

Thus far Fraulein von Sternberg was pleased with everything, a pleasure for which the fact that she had had no trouble at the hotel on account of her dog had the better prepared her. She was looking particularly radiant when Signor Gramponi passed her with an indifference and self-absorption to which she was unaccustomed, and which she felt she ought not to expect from any basso even though he were fifty years old. Consequently she asked his name. Then it was that Madame Verdrier, who was to sing the Venus, had beckoned to him. "Signor Gramponi," she said, "this is Fraulein von Sternberg, of the Enzlsweiler Court Opera. She is to do the Elizabeth to your Landgrave in Tannhauser at the opening performance."

He had advanced leisurely at this, arriving at the close of her words and gravely bowing. Without more than echoing her name he turned to Madame Verdrier and began to ask after the children, calling them each by name and regretting that Norma, the youngest, was ill of the measles. The second act was on before he had finished. Under ordinary conditions Fraulein von Sternberg would not have sung the opening aria full voice, for a rehearsal needed no such exertion. Later, she told Madame Verdrier that she had wished to test the acoustics. As she sang, however, her attention seemed directed more toward Signor Gramponi than toward the object of her expressed investigation, though her air was one of indifference. The orchestra and conductor were first surprised, then gradually aroused to enthusiasm. They had expected no such ebullition at a first rehearsal, but from the opening phrase of the greeting aria to its last triumphant climax it might have been mistaken for the forthcoming public performance. When the final note was ended there were bravos and a beating of violin bows on music desks. The conductor gallantly blew a kiss from the tips of his fingers, and Madame Verdrier threw her arms around the singer.

"How you have improved, dear," she said, "since last season at Covent Garden:" which Fraulein von Sternberg thought, as she coolly accepted it, might mean either much or little. Signor Gramponi gravely bowed and expressed commendation in the same fatherly tone in which he had regretted the measles.

In the final scene of Elizabeth she gave herself no further exertion, singing half voice like the rest, and then left for her carriage. Signor Gramponi, seated on a chest and talking to the manager, absently wished her good day as she passed.

The opening night of the season held, as all opening nights do, a warm welcome for old favorites and a terror-compelling nervousness for the strangers in the cast. Fraulein von Sternberg, whose ideas of the difficulty of pleasing American audiences had not been lessened by Madame Verdrier's timely confidences, had experienced many happier hours than the one preceding her entrance in the second act. For the first moments on the stage she had difficulty in breathing because of the fluttering of her heart, but the general air of glacial expectancy and some shrugging shoulders that a swift glance had shown her, promptly stirred her to action. When she ended even the orchestra joined in the approval. Seated on his neighboring throne in the Tournament of Song which succeeded it, Signor Gramponi again congratulated her and in the same paternal manner in which he had mentioned the little Verdriers and their measles, and had helped her, as his niece, to receive the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus a few minutes before.

"The audience is all very well," she said, "but no one knows what the critics will say, so congratulations seem rather early."

He turned, evidently surprised at her acrimonious tone, and bestowed a longer glance than he had yet given her. It said

Editor's Note—This is the third of the Tales of the Grand Duke's Opera Company. The first, The Romance of a Baritone, appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of November 24.

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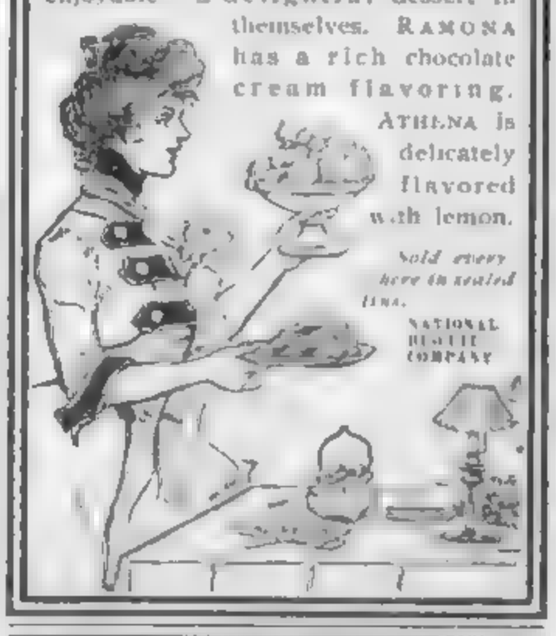

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very plainly that he was sorry to find her ill-tempered. Whether he was ill-tempered or as indifferent as usual she could not settle, for he blandly wished her good night as though she had not tried to snub him

By the next day at twelve she had quite forgotten him, but he was recalled to her thoughts as she read the newspapers. With the majority of them she quite agreed in the kind things they said of her. She also agreed with the notices of Signor Gramponi, which stated that he was of distinguished bearing and fine stage presence. By four o'clock she was driving with some American friends and spied him in Fifth Avenue eagerly buying the afternoon newspapers, with which his greatcoat pockets were already bulging. She resented this complete disregard of appearances. The street, and especially Fifth Avenue at four o'clock in the afternoon, was no place to collect what was printed of one. She would tell him of this the moment she saw him.

It was a week, however, before they sang together again. Meanwhile, much had happened. On those afternoons of the days when she was not singing, five o'clock found many callers at the tea-table she had set up in her drawing room. On her way from Enzisweiler to America by way of the stage at Covent Garden she had been given some letters. These, and a few American friends, started things well for her. Before the season was ended she hoped to see something of those circles of which she had heard. When Mrs. de Suyter took her driving in the Park the realization of those hopes seemed assured

Signor Gramponi sang Friar Lawrence with her in Romeo and Juliet the next evening, and after the Cell Scene frankly told her that if she had kept her eyes away from the boxes it would have been well for her and better for the composer. During the rest of the performance she was absorbed in her rôle, and the Tomb Scene was done as she had never done it before. If she followed his advice she appeared to have no special desire for the credit of it, going out of her way to pass him with a freezing "Good-night," to which he urbanely and in his most paternal manner responded.

It could not have been arranged more opportunely had she done it herself, and Fraulein von Sternberg was correspondingly pleased. The printed slip from the opera had the blank spaces filled out for a performance of Faust on the twenty-seventh. As a consequence she was enabled to leave for Lakewood on Christmas Eve to make one of a house party at the De Suyters' place, Harrington Court. Some of the people she had already met, and others, whose names she had heard in a tone that settled the matter of social distinction, were there when she arrived. That night a Christmas tree, set up in one end of the great hall, glittered with lights. There was a singing of carols by waits in the old English fashion, and there were country dances played in a palm screened balcony until midnight, when the music suddenly stopped. Through the opened windows came the sound of a carol played by a quartet of horns. Listening, she thought of Signor Gramponi, and was glad when it was ended.

On Christmas night a special train brought more guests from New York to the concert in which she was to sing. By an earlier train Signor Gramponi, who was also to sing, came down to the Court. She was heartily glad of this for one reason—she had the satisfaction of having him see her surrounded by men, a number of them decidedly older and balder than he and not one of whom assumed an air of paternal attention. If the lesson was hoped to have an effect it failed of its purpose.

"You had better take an early train back to be rested for Marguerite on Thursday," he said at parting. From the tone, she might again have been the little Verdriers and the measles.

"He has quite the grand air. He sang well to-night, too," said her hostess, who came up as the basso departed

"He is very rude," replied Fraulein von Sternberg tartly. "He behaves like a grandfather."

Not finding any necessary sequence in this, Mrs. de Suyter chose a new subject.

That night Fraulein von Sternberg told her maid Hilma, who had spent more agreeable half hours than this in her company, that she would leave by the latest train possible to reach the opera in time for Thursday's performance. Before she went to bed she had the railway card brought her, being too much interested to put off the matter until daylight Hilma, with a wisdom resulting from experience in decisions made at such moments, was ready when Thursday arrived, but journeyed alone in advance to prepare the Marguerite costumes against Fraulein von Sternberg's coming. Fraulein von Sternberg herself would leave even a train later than she had at first decided. She had been studying the schedule again and evidently to some purpose It was almost six o'clock when she drove down the avenue of pines toward the station. When she quitted the porte-cochère she was surprised at the blinding snowfall, and not having troubled herself that day to look out of the windows she was still more surprised at the plunging of the horses in drifts after they entered the highway. At the station men were busy with shovels and brooms, under the blurred electric lights, clearing the platforms. After the footman had arranged her rugs and deposited the great bouquet of orchids that Mrs. de Suyter had given her at parting he returned and, touching his hat, announced with impassive deference that the train to New York was half an hour late. Looking out at the snow she did not need to question the cause. It was now after six. Instead of arriving in the city at half-past seven the hour would be eight. Another fifteen minutes would be needed to get to the opera and that would make it time for the rise of the curtain. Telegraph she would not; it would simply put the manager into a fever and make things still worse than they were. She would tell them on her arrival to ring up the curtain; she did not go on until the second act. If she were later still it would not be her fault, but Signor Gramponi's. If he had not made himself disagreeable by telling her to come to town early she would have been at her hotel four hours ago. As the train sped through the dark she was occupied with this thought until another quite startled it out of her mind. The costumes! She had not reckoned on the drive to the hotel to get them. As Hilma had not been telegraphed she would still be there waiting. To wire before reaching New York would be impossible as the express made no stop. It would be twenty minutes to nine before she could reach the opera. She could picture the scene—the frantic rushing about, the telephoning, the confusion. And all on account of Signor Gramponi. This thought was still uppermost when she alighted. He was the first person she saw

"You sing the Mephisto to-night; how came you here?" she asked in a tone scarcely showing a desire for his company

"We can't well give Faust without the Marguerite," was the evasive and slightly sarcastic rejoinder.

"But my costumes?" she exclaimed hopelessly, thrusting her bouquet of orchids into his hands although he had made no motion to take it.

"They are safe there in the carriage with Hilma."

"But how did you know? Who told you my train?"

"Your maid telephoned to the opera."

"I will dismiss ——"

"Oh, no you will not!" he interrupted, "for you have her to thank for this. I brought her, and the costumes, and all.

As she listened to this she seemed at last to remember that she had been talking in the night air. Bundling a lace scarf over her mouth she entered the carriage. They crossed on the ferry in silence. Apparently she feared to take the scarf from in front of her face long enough to thank him. This devotion to her professional welfare seemed all the greater in contrast with what had just happened. Hilma rode backward, the box of costumes resting on her knees and rising above the level of her eyes. Any thoughts she may have had were in consequence not necessarily kept out of her countenance.

When they had reached the opera Fraulein von Sternberg bowed, still careful not to take the lace scarf from over her mouth. He had gravely responded, also without opening his lips.

There was an air of combined relief and ill temper as they passed to their dressing-rooms

"You can ring up in ten minutes," said Signor Gramponi to the stage manager; "I'm partially ready."

"It's the first time," said Carbone, the conductor, as he went downstairs to crawl out in the orchestra pit—"It's the first time I ever knew him to go rushing around when he risked the performance." In the haste Gramponi had kept her bouquet. She sent Hilma for it before the Garden Scene, saying she wished to carry it on with her. He sent it back with the message that he hoped she would not, for the sake of the fitness of things; that orchids were not for Marguerite. She pitched them into the corner while the

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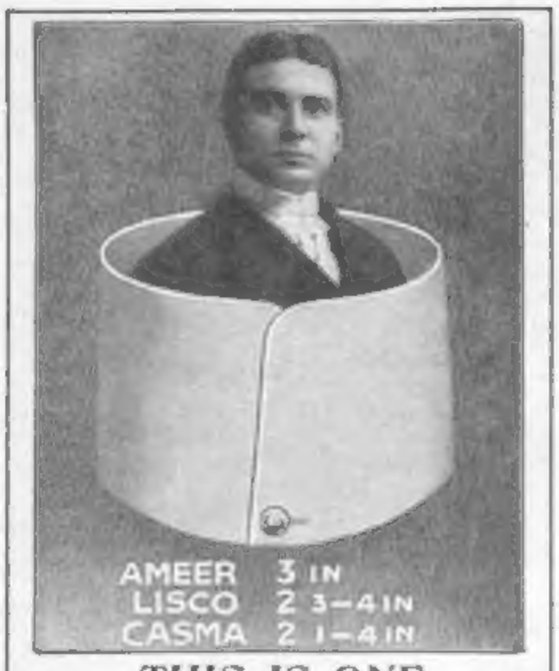

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message was being delivered. The fact that she did not carry them was the nearest to acknowledging his kindness that she had yet gotten.

As Fraulein von Sternberg passed through the wings, when the curtain had fallen on the final scene, she walked up to Signor Gramponi and said sweetly, "I thank you."

To her his reply ruined all. "If you had done as I told you this would not have happened." The tone could not well have been more paternal.

Two days later, before she went to rehearsal, she directed Hilma to part her hair in the middle and dress it quite smooth and low at the sides.

"But the Fraulein will look——" exclaimed Hilma, hesitating to name a word so objectionable.

"Older," finished the lady herself. "Well, that is what I want."

Hilma said nothing; she only wondered how long it would last. Fraulein von Sternberg had taken off her hat and was standing on the stage opposite Signor Gramponi when he said: "What is it today? You do not look like yourself. It is not your gown. It must be—it must be—your hair. You look older so; I do not like it."

"Is age always so objectionable?" she asked tartly.

"Youth is always so beautiful," he answered gently, letting his eyes rest on her face for a moment. The next time he spoke was to give her the cue, which she had lost through inattention, and in such a paternal tone that she sang full voice to the end of the act. Hilma was scarcely surprised that Fraulein von Sternberg only waited to reach her hotel to direct her hair dressed again, this time in the usual fashion. That night, however, before going to bed her maid had the Pompadour to do yet again.

"Think; if there should be a fire in the night, I would look a fright with it low. Dress it high, very high!" and Fraulein von Sternberg wept.

For some time she continued of changeable mood. At the theatre she was generally mild, sometimes radiant; at home she was, and often most unreservedly, the opposite of both.

She had many callers in those days, and her five o'clock teas had grown to be almost functions. Fresh vases were added daily to her stock to hold the flowers that were sent her. In one corner was quite a forest of palms, and never less than two beribboned baskets blossomed on the lid of the piano.

In this period Signor Gramponi had called twice. Each time after his departure Hilma had distinctly heard Fraulein von Sternberg call him "a horrid old man."

The third time he called he brought with him a score of Les Huguenots, and although Mrs. de Suyter was there, put it on the piano rack and spoke of practice with such decision that the caller mumbled something about pressing engagements and arose. As she left the waiter brought in a card. It was Signor Gramponi who lifted it from the tray, and without so much as reading it said, "She is not at home." Being properly trained the waiter withdrew at that moment.

People passing that immediate section of Fifth Avenue the next instant saw an object descend through the air. When it landed the man picking it up found it a score of Les Huguenots.

"It will be a great chance for you," said Signor Gramponi to Fraulein von Sternberg, who thus far had found actions better than words. "It will be a glorious chance for you. Verdrier herself told me that she would be too ill to sing the Valentina, and that you had learned it but never sung it. I knew they would send for you from the opera, and I thought I would save time by coming to help you at once. Have you another copy?" His tone was quite gentle, though not at all paternal. This she appeared not to recognize: perhaps the stress of the moment prevented.

"I am tired," she began, and her voice was not at all steady; "I am tired of your behaving as though you were my father. You have done it since the moment I met you. You did it when you made me miss the train, you did it when you wouldn't let me carry my orchids, you did it always—and now you order my guests out of the house. You are too young to treat me so. I simply won't have it."

"Too young?" he said, his eyes lighting up. "Too young? But I always thought I was too old—I thought——"

There was enough expressed in his face for her to let him leave the sentence unfinished. Kissing him on both eyelids she said, "Now can you see?"

"The audience is all very well," she said, "but no one knows what the critics will say, so congratulations seem rather early"

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Men of the Mountains and Plains

(*Concluded from Page 6*)

objects very close at hand, but that was all. As the sun mounted higher he realized that he was snow-blind and could not see even the head of the horse. His only hope was that his party had started back to find him and would cross his trail in the snow.

Of course the bridle rein hung loose over the horn of his saddle, and he was so busy hating his luck and groaning from the tortures of his burning eyes and his gnawing stomach that White Prince took his own course. Occasionally Ripplinger would rouse up enough to feel sure that the horse was going in the wrong direction; but the impulse to interfere with the animal would pass away before he could put it into action. John's mind had become confused through weakness from lack of food and the great strain and suffering he had undergone.

This, and the fact that he had strength enough to keep his seat in the saddle, proved his deliverance. After a time the White Prince struck into a good swinging pace which he held steadily hour after hour. Well, Ripplinger was on that horse the most of the time for three days and three nights, suffering awful agonies. At last the animal stopped short and gave a whinny that almost roused Ripplinger out of his stupor. But the man was so far gone that he didn't know what was going on until the men in the post came out and carried him in—for the White Prince had taken him right back home. To realize what this means it should be remembered that the party had been a long way out from the post before John became separated from his companions, and that he had then spent two days in going steadily in the wrong direction.

Outfooting a Mounted Band of Pursuers

There was one man among the old mountaineers that had the reputation of being too much for the average Indian pony in a good square race where his own scalp was the stake. This was Louis Bompart. He was one of the runners under Kit Carson, and I believe he was the fastest man on foot that ever struck the plains. It was when he was the hunter for Fort Union, under old man Kipp, that he put one of the best horses at the post to shame. Kipp had brought with him an American horse—that is, an animal bred in civilization from tame stock—and he thought his animal was considerably better than the cayuses which the Indians brought in.

The Blackfeet always held a hard grudge against Fort Union and never let a chance pass to take the scalp of any one they could catch outside the gate. Naturally the hunter for the fort was prowling around in a solitary way more than any one else connected with the post, and stood a greater chance of being picked off by the Blackfeet. But this was one of the considerations for which he drew the salary which made him envied by his companions.

Louis knew his business so well that he dodged the Blackfeet at every turn until he began to think they just couldn't get him. This had a tendency to make him careless, and one day a whole bunch of warriors caught him at close quarters, quite a distance from the fort. They were ambushed in a bunch of cottonwoods and whipped out into the open like a thunder clap out of a clear sky. But Bompart stuck the spurs deep into the flanks of his horse and thought: "It's luck for me that I've got the old man's American instead of a common cayuse."

He hadn't covered half a mile, however, before he realized that there was a mistake in his calculations, somewhere. Either the American horse hadn't the speed with which he was credited or the particular bunch of Blackfeet at his heels were far better mounted than members of this tribe generally were. And it didn't make much difference where the mistake in figuring came in, for the gap between the Blackfeet and himself was closing up in a way that promised something more exciting than just the brisk canter he had counted on when he first heard the war-whoop. Then he got down to business. He worked his spurs, yelled and did everything he could to put a little more "go" into the animal, but to no account.

When the conviction that the horse was actually failing took possession of Bompart he was about four hundred yards from the fort. Instantly he swung himself out of the saddle, landed on his feet, and then went bounding ahead toward the gate, leaping zigzag like a jack-rabbit. It was a daredevil performance, and no man who hadn't the spring of an antelope in his legs could have covered the ground in time to get under cover, for the Blackfeet were in close range when he left the saddle and staked his chances wholly on his legs.

The feat confused the Blackfeet and made them shoot a little more wildly than they otherwise would. Their yells were heard inside the fort, and instantly the gates were thrown open and a force darted out to repel the attack and save Louis. They needn't have worried about him, however. He could have taken care of himself had the distance been still greater. When he came inside and things quieted down a little, old man Kipp fired up and exclaimed:

"What made you leave my horse out there, Louis?"

"I didn't mean to run away from him," apologized Bompart.

Taking a Blacktail by Surprise

A great many stories about Bompart's fleetness of foot were in circulation in the upper Missouri country in those days, for he was regarded as one of the best mountaineers of the region. One of these stories that passed from camp to camp was to the effect that Bompart had once outrun a blacktail deer. One day when he was in good humor I started to draw him out regarding this experience. Bompart, like all the best men of the mountains and plains, was shy, and seldom told of his own adventures. But he laughed at the mention of the blacktail and said:

"No, they're drawing it a little too strong when they say I outran a blacktail, but there's more than a grain of truth in the story. This is the whole thing, just as it happened. It was when we were crossing the mountains with several packs of furs, bound for the rendezvous. Our train was winding out of the cañon, along a broad shelving pass, when a sudden volley came from a lot of Indians in ambush. The quarters were mighty close and so I took it straight down the side of the mountain. Never found faster running in my life. The slant was good and the trail fairly free from stones and undergrowth. Part of the way it seemed a good deal like falling, and then I would strike a stretch a little more on the level.

"Well, I was shooting down one of these terraces when, right in the trail at the bottom of the slant, I saw a big blacktail buck taking a nap. I couldn't stop and so I shot straight ahead. Just the second before I reached him the buck was on his feet. That instant I struck his flank with the flat of my hand and yelled, 'Coosh! Blacktail.' He darted like an arrow along the mountainside while I went on down to the bottom. Which was worse scared I don't know; but I venture to say that he's the only blacktail alive in the mountains that has had the hand of man on his back and escaped with a whole skin."

One story always leads on to another, and so I said:

"There's another circumstance I'd like to have you explain, Louis. How was it you didn't lose your hair that time the Blackfeet got you so hard?" This was the account which he then gave me of the affair:

He and a companion named Alexander were out along the Yellowstone and came across a fine grove of plum trees in full fruit. This just suited their taste and they were as happy as two boys in a melon patch—and as careless—when a little band of Blackfeet, three or four braves, perhaps, sneaked up and fired on them.

Both the plum pickers fell at the report of the guns. Alexander was dead and the ball that struck Louis passed through his lungs. Some little circumstance made the Blackfeet suspect that their victims were playing 'possum and only waiting to return the fire. This suspicion was so strong that the braves sneaked away without attempting to get the scalps. Louis lay there fully twenty-four hours with a hole straight through him.

Meantime some keen-eyed man at the fort had noticed the flight of the crows and ravens. A gathering of these birds was always a sign that a white man, an Indian or a beast had paid the last penalty. A party at once put out and easily located the spot above which the birds were circling. Bompart roused as soon as the men began to turn him over. On a kind of litter they carried him back to the fort and he was soon able to run as fast as ever. Why he had not bled to death no one could explain.

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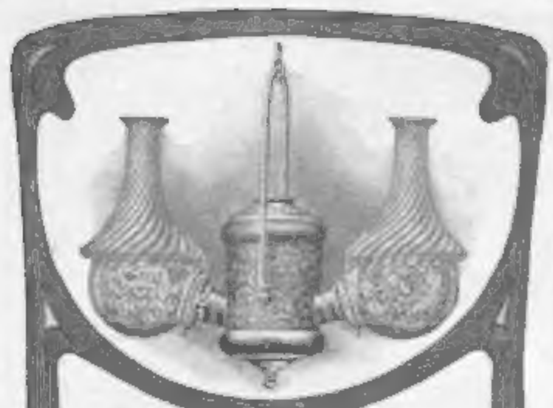

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Literary Folk—Their Ways *and* Their Work

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To quote one of his own descriptive phrases, Joseph Conrad, the author of this book, must have "known all the furies." He has put his principal character through every human emotion—joy and sorrow, love and hate, exaltation and depression, the fear of a poltroon and the daring of a hero. He has taken time to do this—the book is wearisome to a degree, and long spun out; but the spinning out is necessary to the painting of the picture, and when this is realized there comes the appreciation, not only of the author's power of emotional analysis, but of his wonderful command of words. It is a book of descriptions; and in all the book, in all the panorama of moving pictures, there is not a repetition of phrase or an inharmonious color. In this story there are materials for a strong dramatic plot; but the materials are not so handled as to produce it. Incidents and dialogues are given in a helter-skelter, hind-end-foremost shape which no writer but Mr. Conrad could safely attempt. It is as if, producing the traditional chapter a day, he occasionally remembered something unsaid a few chapters back and, instead of rewriting, gave the subject new mention; and as if, having anticipated his story, he lets the matter stand and leads up to it by introducing a few small surprises to make it readable.

But such mechanical discrepancies are easily forgiven. Perhaps Mr. Conrad himself, fully conversant with the artistic unities, deliberately ignored them in view of the wonderful story he was telling; for it is a story which will live when the artistic unities are dead. Perhaps Conrad himself will kill them. —*Morgan Robertson.*

Mr. Quiller-Couch's Ghosts

Mr. Quiller-Couch says of Old Fires and Profitable Ghosts *(Charles Scribner's Sons)*, that "the stories are of *revenants;* persons who either in spirit or in body revisit old scenes, return upon old selves or old emotions, or relate a message from a world beyond perception." The ordinary reader will, however, be more struck by the variety than by the similarity of the tales, and will be glad to have them together in a volume, not because they belong together in any artistic scheme, but because they are Mr. Quiller-Couch's and are for the most part very good stories.

No timorous reader need fear his ghosts. In the better of the two actual "ghost stories" the apparition is a little girl, a friendly kind of household spirit, loving the inhabitants of the rose-covered cottage which she haunts, and doing all the simple homely tasks she can to help them. Yet those who want thrills will find them in the volume. The Seventh Man, a tale of shipwrecked men going half mad through the long Arctic winter night, is the kind of ghostly story which the modern reader can read with a shudder and without a scoff. There is no ghost, yet there is a vague horror in the air; the story itself, rather than the characters in it, is haunted.

One always feels that his stories might be gossip picked up along the quays, or tag ends of old tales gathered from some garrulous old woman, learned in country-side lore.

However Mr. Quiller-Couch gathers his materials, he is not penurious with them. What with smugglers, wrecks, fair women of Norway or of Portugal cast up by the sea, Cornishmen taken prisoners by the French, one gets full worth for one's money in adventure.

Nothing in the present volume is so poignantly human as was Mr. Quiller-Couch's The Ship of Stars. But the stories, at their best, are rousing and lively, full of humor, full of romance, full of sentiment—ghostly at times, and profitable to the reader almost always. —*Harrison Rhodes.*

Outgeneraling Mr. Opie Read

Mr. Opie Read is as intractable under the editorial blue pencil as is the average writer, but he once submitted himself unreservedly to the censorship of a person who made no claims to literary attainment. Mr. Read was then the star, if not the sole, reporter on the Little Rock Gazette. This was in that period of his career which is closely described in his novel, Emmet Bonlore.

A judge in Perry County, Arkansas, became so notoriously unpopular in his district that the sheriff declared his inability to enforce the law, and the magistrate appealed to Governor Thomas J. Churchill to send the militia and restore order. In response to this demand the Quapaw Guards, under the command of General "Bob" Newton, were sent to put down the uprising. This famous old Confederate fighter at once realized the importance of preventing the publication, in the leading papers of the State, of sensational accounts of the affair and its management. All the correspondents except Mr. Read were easily put under censorship, but the General realized that diplomacy must be used in handling his high-spirited young friend, the future novelist.

"How would you like to have a nice snug place in my headquarters?" inquired the wily old General.

"First rate," was the enthusiastic response.

"Well," continued the officer, "I'll just put you on my staff and make you a part of my household." This arrangement was carried out. When the correspondent had finished his "copy" the General remarked:

"Just let me see that a minute, if you don't mind."

"No," was the quick response, "I can't do that, Bob."

"But I demand it," quietly insisted the General.

"I refuse it," hotly retorted young Read. "On what grounds do you make your demand?"

"On the fact," returned General Newton, drawing Mr. Read's commission from his pocket, "that you are an officer on my staff and under my command."

Then after a pause the commander continued: "You are now drawing the full pay of a major of State troops in active service."

Read thrust his hand in his pocket, drew out the small residue of his expense money, scanned it thoughtfully, and exclaimed:

"General, I report for duty! I reckon you wouldn't mind advancing my first week's pay—and, let the war go on!"

The New Books of the Week

The Prodigal: Mary Hallock Foote	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Through Old-Rose Glasses: Mary Tracy Earle	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
The Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts: Abbie Farwell Brown	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
True Bear Stories: Joaquin Miller	Rand, McNally & Co.
The Complete Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning: Coxhoe Edition	Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
A Garden of Simples: Martha Bockée Flint	Charles Scribner's Sons
Crittenden: John Fox, Jr.	Charles Scribner's Sons
A Study of Christian Missions: William Newton Clarke, D. D.	Charles Scribner's Sons
Italian Cities: Edwin Howland Blashfield and Evangeline Wilbour Blashfield	Charles Scribner's Sons
Atwood's Pictures	The Life Publishing Company
Fore (Life's Book for Golfers)	The Life Publishing Company
Half Portions	The Life Publishing Company
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Interviews I've Imagined

By Charles Battell Loomis

I HAVE long wanted to interview Thomas Alva Edison, and when I saw him step into one of the express elevators in a down-town New York "sky-scraper" I saw that the occasion spelled Opportunity for me with a large and ornate capital. Quick as thought I jumped in after him, hustled everybody else out except the elevator man, and immediately chartered the elevator for half an hour. Somebody ought to write me up for a hustler some day.

I asked the elevator man to hold the elevator at the top as I feared I should get car sick, going up and down. Too many ups and downs are not good for any one. Edison took his imprisonment good-naturedly. I explained my mission and said: "To what do you attribute your success?"

"To the newspapers, and to the fact that I always try to patent my inventions while the other fellow is thinking about it."

"Oh, there's another fellow, then," said I.

"There's always another fellow," said Edison. "Nothing was ever invented once for all. It's like you story-writers. Four or five men tell the same story at the same time. The man who prints first is all right. The rest are plagiarists. It's thought transference, that's all."

"Please give me a short story of your life?"

"It'll have to be short as I have a directors' meeting to attend to as soon as I get out. I was born in the West, so I did not need to follow Horace Greeley's advice, but, on the contrary, I came East and made the country grow with me, and I tell you it has had to hustle sometimes."

The elevator bell now began to ring, as there was a crowd downstairs waiting and it threatened to become annoying; but Edison immedintely invented a way to stop it and took out a patent on the invention at once.

"When I was a baby," said he, "I invented a bib that wouldn't get all knotted up when you wanted to take it off in a hurry, and my mother immediately rose up and called me blessèd—it was a habit she had; and when I was seven I invented a contrivance that would allow me to lie abed until father called for the last time, and then it would dress me before he had a chance to, and I always got down to the table ahead of every one. When I was a train boy I invented a manikin that would walk up and down the train and cry out my wares in the raucousest voice you ever heard, while I laid off in the baggage car and invented things by the dozen. It pays to advertise, but it pays better to get into the news column, and when I was seventeen I invented a way to do that, and there hasn't been a day since that I haven't had free notices in a score of papers all over the country."

Here Edison's bright face lighted up with an electric smile and I asked him what caused it, and he told me a little dynamo that he carried in the roof of his mouth. "I was thinking," said he, "of how I invented a tramp detector."

"What is that?" I asked.

"Why, an apparatus that would indicate to the engineer of a train the presence of a tramp on the cars; but just as I was going to show it to the President of the Pennsylvania road I was visited by the King of the Hoboes, who begged me to forget it. Said he: 'A hobo has to travel like any other man. You take a hobo that stays in one place and he gets narrow-minded. Traveling enlarges the mind and widens the heart. If you would improve the status of the poor downtrodden tramp, drop this idea and I'll put a mark on your barn that will make every hobo your friend.' I dropped the invention, and people have since wondered why it is that tramps are so willing to cut our wood and do other chores, but you're the first newspaper man to whom I've told the reason. Why, some days in early winter there'll be as many as twenty tramps at work at my wood-pile, and we never feed 'em. Just gratitude to me because I let my invention go."

"Now you'll be kind enough to let me out because I don't like to miss any directors' meetings. Five dollars earned is better than a gift."

"Are you a millionaire?" said I, at the same time motioning to the elevator boy to open the door.

"I haven't counted my money in years, but I've just invented a strong box that will hold a half-million dollars. When the box is full I know how much is in it. Just sent in an order for a dozen of the boxes——"

Here the door was opened and we stepped out into the hallway.

"If you know any reliable person who wants the job of filling the boxes just send him to me and I'll keep him out of mischief for some time to come."

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